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Typ. Ernest Meyer.

THE GUARDIAN.

THE WANDERERS

BY SEA AND LAND,

WITH OTHER TALES

BY

PETER PARLEY.

ILLUSTRATED BY ENGRAVINGS,

NEW-YORK,
D. APPLETON AND CO.
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Typ. Ernest Meyer

BALLOON AT THE HIPPODROME.

THE WANDERERS BY SEA AND LAND

OR

WALKS AND TALKS OVER THE WATER;

BY

IKE, IZZY AND I.

CHAPTER I.

Pleasant anticipations : leave taking and a few tears.—The journey from Boston to New-York : something about this city. —Buying Ginger-bread and other provisions against sea-sickness.—The start : the scene on the river and the bay.—The Narrows.—Farewell to the land.—Sober second thoughts; feeling queer.

A few years ago, I made a voyage across the Atlantic, with my two young friends, Isaac and Isabel, and as we had a good time of it, and saw many curious things, and had some adventures, I have thought it best to give an account of it.

You will readily believe, my Gentle Readers, that for several days before we set out, my young companions were in a state of great excitement. Indeed they could hardly wait for the appointed time of our departure, so eager were they to begin our voyage. They had never seen the great ocean; they had never been in a ship; they had never visited a foreign country. With what curiosity then, with what wonder and delight, did they look forward to these things, so soon to be realised!

I believe I had to answer five hundred questions from them, before the long hoped for day arrived. For my own part, I had been to sea a good many times; I had travelled in foreign countries, and beside, as you all know, I was no longer young. I therefore looked upon our expedition with more sober eyes. However, as I was now going in company with children to whom all was new, I very naturally entered into their feelings and caught a little of their enthusiasm. It is a pleasant thing to know, that when one is old, he can in some degree revive the delights of his youth, by looking at objects through the eyes and feelings of children who are dear to him.

At last the day fixed upon, arrived. Ike and Izzy were up before day-light, though we were not to start until nine o' clock. How they did enjoy the bustle of preparation! Finally, our trunks being packed, we prepared to take leave of our friends. For the first time my companions recollected that to go on a voyage means leaving home. They shook hands all round, gave and received kisses and farewells. Ike looked sad, and his eyes were dimmed with tears. Izzy boo-hoo'd outright, and for a moment, she regretted, I believe, that she had consented to make the voyage.

However, we departed, and soon found ourselves in the cars at the Boston depot, bound for New-York. When we had fairly seated ourselves and were whizzing along—the houses, trees, hills and valleys swimming by us as if they all had wings—our spirits revived. When the tongues of the children had got fairly loosed, they chatted like magpies. Every thing was new, and every thing was beautiful!

We reached Stonington, a distance of about a hundred miles, in four hours, and at evening, we entered the steam boat. This was like a floating palace, and as she ploughed her way through Long

Island Sound, she really seemed to be actually alive, and in a great hurry to complete her voyage.

At ten o' clock we went to bed, and on getting up in the morning, found ourselves alongside of the wharf at New-York!

We took lodgings at Judson's Hotel, in Broadway, and here we stayed two days, busily occupied in making preparations. My companions thought New York a very fine place, and indeed there is no city in the world more beautifully situated. It occupies a charming island, on one side of which is the river Hudson, pouring its waters into a splendid bay: on the other side is the East River, opening into that beautiful little inland sea, called Long-Island Sound. To the south are several islands crowned with country seats, and beyond are the Narrows—a small strait, which leads out into the broad Atlantic. My friends thought Broadway, which is four or five miles in length, a marvellous place; though they were somewhat frightened at the tangle of carts, coaches and omnibuses, which seemed always to embarrass it.

At last all our arrangements were complete. We had bought life preservers and laid in a stock of

hard gingerbread, apples, oranges, and various other things, recommended by our friends, as a provision against sea-sickness.

My young companions deemed these quite unnecessary precautions. "Poh!" said Isaac, "I sha'n't be sea-sick; I've been across Jamaica Plain Pond, in a sail-boat, when the waves ran mountains high, and the boat rocked like 'hush-a-by-baby upon the tree-top!' I wasn't sick then, and don't mean to be-sick on the Atlantic."

"Nor I either," said Isabel; "I never was sea-sick, and I never mean to be. However, I'm glad to see Mr. Merry lay in the gingerbread, and apples, and oranges; for I think they'll taste good, even if we are well."

Every thing was in readiness, and, the next morning at 11 o'clock, we went on board the Iowa. The deck presented a strange scene of confusion. The sailors were getting on board barrels of flour, bags of cotton, tierces of corn-meal, etc. Some persons were bringing turkeys, chickens, beef, pork, and mutton; others were lifting a large black cow aboard; and others still were tumbling six or eight spotted pigs into a sty, fitted up for them on the deck.

Every thing at first seemed going topsy-turvy; but there was a stout, rosy-cheeked gentleman in the midst, who gave short, quick orders to those around him, and it was soon evident that all was proceeding according to plan and purpose. This person soon attracted the attention of Isaac, who greatly admired the energy and promptitude of his conduct, as well as the ready obedience which followed his orders. "Who is that?" said he to me.

"That is the captain," said I; "Captain Lines, who commands the ship." At that moment he came near us, and I introduced Ike and Izzy to him. "Oh, ho!" said he, taking the hand of each, and smiling, "these are our young friends; well, I am happy to see you. Master Isaac, I will teach you to be a sailor; and, Isabel, you and I will have many a romp over the deck. Avast there! Hoist away now, hoist away! Miller, see that all is clear! There! a-port now, hard a-port!" Thus shouting at the top of his voice, the captain left us; for the ship was swinging from the shore; and the steamer that was to take us down the bay, was puffing, snorting, and smoking at our side, as if impatient to perform its work.

"I like Captain Lines very much," said Isabel;

"don't you think he's handsome, Isaac?" "I don't know whether he's handsome or not," said Ike, "but I should like to be a captain." Here the attention of the children was absorbed in the scramble of people to get ashore, in the shouts, adieus, good-bys, that rang in the air, and in the grand spectacle which the ship presented, as she slowly left the wharf, and began to glide away upon the waters. The thoughts, too, that we were bidding good-by to the land — to our home, to our country—flashed upon our minds, and Izzy's blue eyes for a moment seemed filling with tears. But all this was soon past. The ship appeared so stable, so safe, so comfortable, that the two children took to their heels, and scampered hither and thither in great glee. "See this!" and "see that!" were their constant exclamations. They were in a happy frame of mind, and every thing gave them delight; just as every object reflects the sunshine when it is day, and no clouds are in the sky.

In a short time after leaving the wharf, our attention was absorbed by the busy scene around us. The masts of the ships that lay by the wharves of the city seemed like a forest stripped of its leaves. The river and the bay to the south were alive with every kind

of water-craft — boats, sloops, schooners, ships at anchor, ships with their sails spread to the breeze, and steam boats without number, going up and down and round about — all making a tremendous fizzing.

We finally got clear of all this, glided finely down the beautiful bay, and, passing though the Narrows, lost sight of New York in the distant haze. We now looked out upon the sea, which had a somewhat dark and grisly look. We passed the Highlands which lay to the south, bade farewell to Sandy Hook, and, being cast off by the steamer which had towed us out, hoisted our sails, and put the ship before the wind. As the sun went down, we lost sight of the low, distant line which marked the shore.

I took a seat in the cabin, and the two children placed themselves close to me. They were serious and silent. The ship began to feel the waves, and she rolled from side to side. The lamp that hung in the cabin, suspended by chains, the barometer near it, the curtains of the state-rooms, had all an uneasy, swinging motion. The timbers began to creak, the men thumped and thundered obstreperously on the deck. The loud voice of the captain above, the screaming of the mate in repeating his

orders, the long-drawn "Yo, heave oh!" of the sailors—and, over and amid all, the hoarse moaning of the waves and the wind; these, taken together, seemed to our young and inexperienced voyagers to portend something fearful.

"We've got a gale of wind, I suppose," said Ike, after a long pause, and speaking as if he hardly dared to trust his voice. "Oh, no," said I; "the night is fine, and we have only a stiff breeze."

"What makes the ship shake and tumble about so, then?" was the reply. I explained; and, after a little conversation, we concluded to go upon deck. It was now evening, and quite dark. The stars shone, however, with brilliancy, and the waters flashed in phosphoric sheets around the ship. The attention of the children was long absorbed by these and other objects, and it was not till near nine o'clock, that Izzy complained of headache, and Ike said he felt very queer all over. We then descended to the cabin, and the young voyagers were glad to retire to their berths.

CHAPTER II.

Sea-sickness; Rigging of the ship.—The compass.—The log.—
—Taking observations.—Porpoises.—A whale; Petrels.—
A hen overboard.—The English Channel.—Arrival at Havre,
in France.

The next morning, when the bell for breakfast was rung in the cabin, Isaac and Izzy got out of their berths and began to dress themselves; but the vessel pitched about a good deal, and they were thrown down several times. At last, with the help of the stewardess, they were dressed, and went to the table. But Izzy soon had a dizziness in her head, and a very disagreeable feeling in the region of the stomach. She could not eat, and was obliged to hasten to her berth, where she was soon in all the agonies of sea-sickness. Isaac followed Izzy's example, and for four weary days they were confined to their beds.

The pains of sea-sickness are severe; and our young voyagers almost began to repent that they had left their homes to trust the treacherous deep. But they got better at last; and, in a week from

their departure, they were scampering as gaily over the decks as they were wont to do over the land. They now made themselves familiar with the several parts of the ship, the masts, the various sails, the ropes and the other parts of the rigging.

Izzy, who took things by the wholesale, was satisfied with a general idea of what she saw; but Isaac was of a more investigating turn; so he inquired the name and uses of every thing. He found the captain as well as the mate ready to answer all his questions, and the sailors seemed to take pleasure in gratifying his curiosity.

Thus he learned all about the main-mast, mizen-mast and bowsprit, gibs, spankers, mainsail, foresail, topsail, royal and studding sails; about shrouds, halyards and braces; about starboard and larboard, leeward and windward, and many other things belonging to the sailing art.

But what especially attracted the attention of Isaac was the compass. How this should always be able to point north when all around was a level sea, when no land was in view, and the sky was hidden by clouds, and when even the captain and sailors

could tell nothing about it, except by the compass itself—this was indeed a wonder which excited the boy's keenest curiosity. He asked me about it, and I could only tell him that the *loadstone* or *magnet* had long been known to have the gift of endowing a steel or iron needle with the power of pointing to the north; and that it had long been used by seamen as the sailor's guide across the ocean. But *why* the needle should thus point to the north was unknown to learned men, and more than I could tell.

Isaac mused long on this wonderful instrument; but his attention was soon turned to the *log*, by which the speed of the vessel is ascertained. This consists of a line with a piece of wood at the end, loaded with lead, so as to stand up in the water. This is thrown into the sea, and the line, which is wound upon a reel, runs out astern. A sailor, with a minute-glass, stands by, and, when a minute is passed, the line is stopped, and the length of it, with the number of knots that have run out, is noted. The thing is so contrived, that a knot stands for a mile, and the number of knots that have run off, shows the number of miles which the vessel is going

in an hour. Hence we say, the ship goes so many *knots* or miles, the hour.

Another thing which Isaac viewed with interest, was the captain's "*taking observations.*" He had a curious instrument called a *sextant;* this had some little glasses, through which he looked at the sun; and, after making some calculations in figures, he could tell whereabout in the great ocean the ship was. This was a real mystery to the young voyager; and he was not a little dissatisfied when I told him that he was too young to understand the subject, and that it would require years of study even to comprehend it, much more to practise it. After I had said this, Isaac remarked,—

"One thing surprises me; I thought any body could be a sailor. I had no idea that a ship was so curious and wonderful. I had no idea that one must know so much in order to be a captain. It really appears to me that sailing a ship not only requires great care, but great study. It seems to me that Captain Lines knows more than any body I ever saw."

"I am glad to hear you say this," said I; "for it shows that you have observed carefully what is going on in our vessel. A ship is, indeed, one of the

wonders of human ingenuity; and the art of navigation is one of the greatest triumphs of human skill and power. By means of this, the oceans are traversed, and nations, that else had remained forever separated, are brought into intercourse with each other. By means of navigation, the form of the earth has been made known, and the articles of each country and climate are distributed to all the others where they are needed."

Our voyage was a pleasant one. The weather was generally mild; we had some calms and one gale, but we met with no extraordinary events. We saw shoals of porpoises tumbling along in the water, and looking like black hogs; we saw one whale spouting in the distance; we saw flocks of sea-swallows, or petrels, which followed in the track of the vessel, and feasted on pieces of meat and fat that were thrown overboard; we saw sheerwaters, wheeling over the waves, and seeming to fly along without a movement of the wing. But we had no sights worthy of a particular description, and met with nothing which is not common to most voyages across the Atlantic. It is true that a hen, one day, got out of the coop; and when the cook tried to catch her, she

flew overboard. She seemed surprised as she plunged into the waves, but not discouraged. She immediately began to swim, and, turning toward the vessel, made her best efforts to reach it. The struggle lasted for some minutes. Isaac and Isabel watched the strife with interest; and the latter begged Captain Lines to get out a boat, and save her. Finding him deaf to her request, she ran to him, saying, "Do, captain, do save poor biddy. See, she is sinking! Oh, it is too bad! There, there! she is gone! she has sunk! It is too bad; it is really too bad!" Saying this, the child burst into a flood of tears; and, during the remainder of the day, refused to be comforted. The event made a lasting impression upon her, as you will see by the following verses which she wrote sometime after:

THE BALLAD OF BIDDY AT SEA.

Come, all ye boys and girls,
And hear a woful strain,
Of one who went to sea
And never came back again.

Alas! if ye have tears,
Prepare to shed them free;
For poor old Biddy's fate
Was sad as sad can be.

An honest hen she was
As any in the yard,
Yet she was torn away,
Albeit she cackled hard.

They did not heed her cries
For pity and for quarter,
They put her in a coop
And bore her o'er the water.

For many days and nights
Poor Bid in prison sighed;
But she got out one day
And o'er the deck she hied.

But, ah! the cruel Cook
Came forth and sought to catch her:
And Biddy knew, forsooth,
That he would fain dispatch her.

She ran, she cackled shrill,
And then, hard pressed, she flew—
Over the side she went
And fell in the ocean blue!

Cold, cold was the briny flood,
But Biddy's heart was brave—
She did the best she could,
And paddled along the wave.

She rose and fell with the tide,
And wistfully looked about—
Alas! no hand was near,
To help poor Biddy out!

Ah! faint and fainter she grew,
For she struggled now with pain—
And then her head it sank,
Never to rise again!

She sank in the briny deep,
With one faint dying tone:
The ship passed proudly on
And left her there alone!

After eighteen days we reached the English Channel and saw the coast of England, which seemed to rise in lofty cliffs, appearing at first like clouds. We also met a British pilot-boat, and one of the men came on board our vessel. He brought us some late papers, told us the news, and asked in return for meat, potatoes, and brandy.

We were now baffled for several days by head winds, and it was not till our twenty-fourth day that we were safely landed at the city of Havre, in France. Here the eyes of the young travellers were opened wide, to see the curious things that met their view; but we must defer our account of what they saw till the next chapter.

CHAPTER III.

Hotel of Europe. — French fires. — Coffee. — Droll scenes in the streets of Havre. — Sweet-meats. — The fortifications. — Saint Adresse. — The rivers of France. — A sight of the Seine. — Journey by diligence to Rouen. — Normandy. — Scenery.

I went with my two companions to the Hotel of Europe, which is said to be the best in Havre, yet we found it more like an old castle than one of our own bright American hotels. The weather was cold and we ordered fires to be made. The servant brought some little sticks of wood and built a starveling fire in a deep chimney, so far back that Ike said we needed a spy-glass to see the blaze. We afterwards

found that this miserable mode of making fires is common in France, and even in Paris. The people do not seem to understand, nor to appreciate, the luxury of keeping warm in cold weather. We must observe, however, that the winters in France are not so long nor so severe as in our country, and therefore it is that the people do not prepare for cold weather so thoroughly as we do.

The next morning our breakfast was excellent, especially the coffee. In France, the people do not make coffee as we do, but they make it much better. They are careful to have the grains of coffee well burnt and well ground. Hot water is then passed through it, and the decoction is made very strong. The cup is poured one third full of this, and then boiling hot milk is poured in, till the cup is brimming full. Two lumps of sugar make the beverage complete. It is really delicious, and, what is well worth remarking, this "*coffee and milk*," as the French call it, is not hurtful, like our strong coffee, with only a spoonful of milk in it. I hope all our readers will take note of this, and I especially request every one of them to ask their mother to make "*coffee and milk*" for once, just to try it. Be sure and let the

milk be piping hot, and use two thirds milk, and only one third coffee. If any body don't like it, they need not try it again.

Well, after breakfast we sallied forth. It was a clear, bright morning, and we could see patches of white frost here and there, in the street. But as the sun got higher up, it became warm, and at noon it was really delightful. My young companions were greatly diverted with the odd appearance of every thing. The streets were very narrow and crooked, and on each side, the old, queer-shaped houses rose six or seven stories high. The streets were full of people, and the larger number seemed to be women. These had no covering on their heads, except muslin caps. Some of them were sweeping the streets, some trundling handcarts, some carrying bundles, some selling things from little stalls. The people were very gay, and gabbled like a flock of geese in spring time. Children and dogs seemed to abound. Here was a little girl riding on a donkey; there was a huge cart drawn along by a little bit of a poney staggering beneath his load.

We walked about hither and thither, amused with every thing. Some of the shops were very fine, and

my young friends kept exclaiming, "Oh, see there—what is that?" "Oh! see those nice sugar things!" "Oh, pray, Mr. Merry, buy me that!" etc., etc. At last we came to one of the walls of the city of Havre. You must know, kind reader, that this is what is called a fortified town, and is quite surrounded by a huge wall, some twenty feet high. Outside of this is a deep ditch. These fortifications were built many years ago, when making war was common, and every great town was provided with the means of defence against enemies. We have no such walled cities in America, but they are common all over Europe. It is true that wars have been less frequent within a few years, even here, than formerly, and such defences are permitted, in many cases, to fall into decay. Such is the fact with the walls of Havre. They are, in many parts, quite in a ruinous state, and are not particularly worthy of note; but they were interesting to our young travellers, as being the first they had ever seen. Ike was greatly excited by his observations upon them, and remarked that he could now much better understand the accounts he met with in history relating to the sieges and assaults of fortified cities. He mounted upon one of the walls,

and began, with a look worthy of a sage, to instruct Izzy in the military art.

"There," said he, pointing to the ditch outside the wall, "that trench is called the moat or fosse. When an enemy approached, it was filled with water. Bridges led across the moat, but were drawn up at night, or when the enemy was coming; so they were called draw-bridges. This top part of the wall, where we are standing, was called the *parapet*. The walls, you see, are not in a uniform line, but go zig-zag, like one of our country rail fences. This form was adopted so that the soldiers upon the parapet might better fire upon the enemy when they came close. Yonder sharp angles or points, jutting far out, were made very strong, and were called *bastions*. Some of them were solid, but others were hollow, and would contain hundreds of men. Really all this is very curious, and it is so interesting to see what I have so often read about!"

"It is very curious, indeed," said Izzy; "but how did the people get in and out of the city?" "Why, there were gates," said Ike, seeming to feel that he was competent to tell the whole story. "These were open, in time of peace, during the day, but

they were shut at night. The gates were made very strong, and on each side was a kind of tower for the porter or sentinel to live in. The gate itself was drawn up, and was so arranged as to be suddenly shut, in case of need. It was called the *portcullis*. I think I have read somewhere of an ancient knight who attempted to get into a castle. The portcullis was up, and he put his horse at full speed to dash in before the gate could be closed. The porter saw him coming, and in the nick of time let the portcullis go. Down it came with a clang, and cut the knight's horse right in two!"

"I guess you made that up," said Izzy.

"I might have dreamt it," said Ike, "for aught I know. At all events, the thing is very likely to have happened; for these old knights were wild fellows, and used to ride about, seeming to be as anxious to get into a scrape as most people are to get out of one. And beside, these old porters, who guarded the gates, made no more of cutting a man in two with a portcullis, than our cook does of slashing sausage meat with a chopping-knife."

Thus we pursued our walks and talks till we had got beyond the city to the north; and as the path

seemed pleasant, we continued to pursue it till we reached a queer little village buried in a deep ravine, called St. Adresse. Passing through this, we ascended a lofty hill, and soon came upon a most surprising scene. The hill terminated in a precipice, at the foot of which was the ocean. This lay outstretched to the north and west, as far as the eye could reach. To the south lay the city of Havre, its harbor filled with shipping, and beyond, winding far away, was the coast of France. To the left was a hilly country, in the midst of which was a shining stream, bending and twining like a huge serpent. Both the children exclaimed at once, "Oh, see that beautiful river! What is it?"

"You must guess," said I.

"Is it on the map of France?" said Ike. I replied in the affirmative. "Well, let me think," said the boy. "The four great rivers of France are, 1st. The Rhone; but that runs south, and empties into the sea at Marseilles. 2d. The Garonne; but that flows west, and empties near Bordeaux. 3d. The Loire; but that also flows west, and passes by the city of Nantes. 4th. The Seine; that flows north west, and empties at Havre. I've got it. It's the Seine!"

"You are right," said I; "that is indeed the Seine." "Oh, how strange," said Ike, "to be in France and see the Seine! I never thought I should really see that river. I've read about it in Parley's Geography, and I've seen it on the map. It was there only a little crooked line, as long as a pin; but here it is a real river, after all. It's curious to think how much the little maps which we find in books do actually mean. How nice it is, Izzy, to travel about and see what we have read of in our little books! They seem like old friends, don't they? Besides, that river runs right through the city of Paris!"

"Does it, really?" said Izzy to me; and, as I told her Ike was right, the idea of being at Paris seemed to seize her fancy, and she began to dance like a very sprite. Ike then caught her by the waist, and the two went whirling and gambolling around till they were out of breath.

After a long ramble we returned to our hotel, and began to make preparations for our departure. The next day, we entered a diligence, and were whirled rapidly out of Havre. The diligence is a kind of stage-coach, with four compartments. We had taken

the middle part, called the *interior*, and found ourselves very comfortable. The road from Havre to Paris is excellent; and though it is hilly, and the diligence heavy, yet the horses, being strong, galloped away at a brisk rate. The drivers are noisy fellows, and keep up a constant cracking of the whip, which sounded like fireworks.

There is now a railroad from Havre to Paris, but it was only finished to Rouen at the time I speak of. I was glad of it, for I wished my companions to see the country; and this they could better do in a diligence than in a rail-car. On we went at a good rate, passing through a most beautiful region. This part of France is called Normandy, because it was settled, many centuries ago, by Northmen, or Normans. The people here are descendants of the ancient Normans, and are light complexioned, like their ancestors. The famous William, who conquered England in the year 1066, and became king of that country, was king of the ancient French Normans.

We passed through many fine towns and villages, and Ike and Izzy kept putting their heads out of the coach, exclaiming, "Oh, see that!" "Oh, is not that beautiful?" "Oh, what place is that?" etc. etc.

I was almost wearied with their thousand and one questions. However, we were all in excellent spirits, and took every thing gaily. Nothing pleased my young friends more than the pretty, snug cottages and farm-houses we saw along the road. Most of these were shaded with clumps of trees, and the gardens were still full of flowers, though it was late in November. At last we reached the old town of Rouen. Here we paused for the night, and as the place is worthy of description, we must adjourn to another chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

The Old City of Rouen. — The market-place. — The Cathedral. The Butter Tower.

The old town of Rouen is interesting ou many accounts. But it is particularly curious to Americans, because of its great antiquity. In our country we have old hills, old mountains, and old rivers, but no ancient buildings. Every thing, with us, is of recent construction. The oldest city in the country hardly dates back two hundred and fifty years, and such a

thing as a building two hundred years old is not known among us. Our towns are all new, — red with brick or fresh with paint.

You may well believe, then, that when my companions saw the reverend old metropolis of Normandy, they were struck with surprise; it looked so dingy, so weather-beaten and time-worn, that Izzy declared that it seemed to her like a tottering, grizzle-pated old man, by the side of which our American cities would appear like a parcel of boys.

The streets of Rouen are narrow, and the buildings lofty. Yet the people are very numerous. They seemed to us like thousands of ants creeping about in deep, crooked cracks and trenches. As we entered the place, the coachman fell to cracking his whip, as if he had been suddenly taken with a fit; the horses sprang into a gallop, and bang we went into the heart of the city! It seemed certain that we must run over some of the people, or get dashed in pieces against the angles of the streets; but no such misadventure happened, and we were speedily landed in the court of the hotel.

After we had partaken of an excellent meal, we sallied forth to see the sights. While we were pro-

ceeding on our way to the great church, I had an opportunity to tell my young friends a little about the city of Rouen. It was a considerable place, at least a thousand years ago, and became the capital of the ancient kings of Normandy. It is now celebrated for its manufactories of cotton and jewelry. It contains about as many inhabitants as Boston, and ranks among the great cities of France. It stands upon the north bank of the Seine, and vessels of considerable size may be seen along its wharves; it is remarkable from the fact that, while its buildings are marked with the lapse of many centuries, its streets are thronged with a busy, bustling, and abundant population. It may remind one of a bee-hive, incrusted with moss and gray with age, yet still filled with a young swarm, intent on seeking flowers and gathering honey.

We soon came to the market place, which we found to be an open square, presenting a very busy and lively scene. There were several thousand persons, mostly women, buying and selling every sort of merchandise. Ike remarked that talking seemed to be the chief business going on; and Izzy said it took a dollar's worth of words to sell a shilling's worth of goods. The fact, no doubt, is, that the French are

fond of talking; and it does not become me to laugh at them, for I am rather given to it myself. On the opposite side of the market-place rose the far famed cathedral of Rouen. It is a huge pile, its towers seeming to pierce the very sky. One of the latter is terminated with a light, iron framework; with this exception, the edifice is of stone. Its entire surface is carved, representing an endless variety of objects, and having the general effect of a rough incrustation, caused by the action of water.

Through a small door we entered the building. We were met by an old woman, who dipped a little broom into a vase of water, and presented it to us. The children did not understand this, and I was obliged to explain, that this water had been blessed by the bishop, and was supposed to be holy. Izzy seemed about to remark that the water was dirty enough notwithstanding, when the attention of both of my companions seemed arrested by the sublime aspect of the place. The vault of the roof, rising to the height of nearly a hundred feet, and stretching away between a long vista of columns, seemed at the moment tinged with a kind of heavenly light, derived from the stained window that terminated the view.

The wilderness of objects around—arches, columns, chapels, statues, paintings, all blended in the scene, were calculated to produce a strong effect upon the imagination. My young companions had never seen or imagined any thing of the kind before. Izzy was taken by surprise, and she spoke suddenly, as if only thinking aloud,—"Did God make this?" A moment after, the child blushed, and Ike smiled; yet the thought was not unreasonable, for there is hardly a work of man that seems so nearly to rival the works of divinity, as the ancient churches of Europe.

It would almost fill a book to give an account of every thing in this wondrous edifice; to tell of its statues and carvings; of the kings who lie buried there, and whose stiff, stark images, in stone, stand or lie scattered around; to give an account of the church itself, which has been built at various times, and some portions of which are nearly a thousand years old. I must omit all these things, and even the observations of my young companions. It will, perhaps, give some idea of the vastness of this structure to consider that its length is about five hundred feet, and the height of its loftiest tower more than four

hundred. It actually covers a space nearly equal to three acres of ground.

As we were coming out of the church, both Ike and Izzy seemed puzzled to imagine by what means such a strange and mighty structure could have been reared. I explained to them, as well as I could, that it was erected by different priests and bishops, during a long series of ages.

"But did they work at it themselves?" said Izzy.

I replied in the negative, and observed "that they hired people to work."—"And how did they get money to pay these people to work two or three hundred years?" said she. "That was easy enough," said I, "in those days; for five hundred years ago the priests held almost complete dominion over the lives and property of men."

"I do not understand that," said Ike. I then directed the attention of the two children to the south-western tower of the church. "That," said I, "was built about four hundred years ago, and is called the 'Butter Tower.' This name is given to it because the priests obtained the money to build it with, by selling indulgences to the people to eat butter during Lent."

"To eat butter during Lent! What does that mean?" said Izzy.

I replied, "Lent is a period of forty days, during which the church of Rome, or, in other words, the Romish priests, require their people to abstain from animal food, and this is made to be a religious duty. Now, butter comes from the cow, and is animal food, and of course is forbidden during Lent."

"That reminds me," said Izzy, "of Molly Magaw, our servant, who was a Catholic. She would never eat pie-crust on Friday, because it had lard in it; and lard, coming from an animal, was forbidden to poor Molly on Friday, for that was always a fast-day."

"That's a case in point," said I. "But although people were told it was a religious duty to go without butter in Lent, they only desired to eat it the more. 'Well,' said the priests, 'just pay us liberally, and you may eat as much butter as you have a mind to.' So the bargain was concluded. The people paid the money, and ate the butter. The priests took the cash, and built the Butter Tower."

"But," said Ike, "suppose the people had eaten the butter during Lent, and refused to pay the mo-

ney; what then?" "The priests told them," said I, "that they would be punished in purgatory for it, and purgatory is a kind of hell."

"But," said Izzy, "if it is wrong to eat butter in Lent, how can paying money make it right to eat it?"

"The Catholic priests," said I, "declare that they have the privilege to sell indulgences to the people, provided the money is to be used for the benefit of the church." "That's very droll," said Ike. "Suppose I wish to tell a lie, or pick a man's pocket, —can the Catholic priest sell me an indulgence for these things?"

"Such things have been done," said I; "but I trust no priest would do any thing of the kind now. A great many things were deemed lawful, and even praiseworthy, five hundred years ago, which would be esteemed criminal now."

"Well, well!" said Izzy, "I have changed my mind about this church. When I first came into it, it seemed to me beyond the power of man, and I almost fancied it to be the work of God. But that story of the Butter Tower has entirely destroyed all its romance." "You are very sharp, indeed," said I to Izzy. "Yet your remark is not altogether un-

just. If we could penetrate into the history of this church, and understand all the means and motives which have operated to produce it, we should probably feel that, however sublime it may be as a work of art, it can have had little to do with imparting religious improvement to the hearts of men; however it may stand as a monument of the pomp and power of that institution, which arrogates to itself the title of *The Church*, still the Butter Tower furnishes a key to some of the unworthy means by which that monument has been reared."

CHAPTER V.

Gothic Architecture. — Statue of the Maid of Orleans. — History of this celebrated personage.

We had now left the cathedral, crossed the market-place, and were proceeding on our way to the church of St Ouen. This edifice is even larger than the cathedral, and is esteemed a finer model of what is called Gothic architecture. It is impossible to convey any adequate idea of this noble building. The interior impresses the beholder with a deep and

thrilling sense of blended beauty and sublimity. The deep blue eyes of my young travellers ranged with wonder and delight along the vast arches, but their lips were almost mute. This church is less ancient than the cathedral we had previously visited; nor is it crowded, like that, with the tombs of kings and princes. It was begun in 1328, and was not completed uutil two centuries after. It was built upon a uniform design, and therefore possesses more symmetry than the cathedral. Such is the lightness of its higher arches, that one can hardly believe them to be built of stone. It might almost seem that a tempest would hurl them down; but they are compacted together with infinite art, and, having withstood the shock of five hundred years, they are likely to continue for many centuries to come. It is impossible not to reflect with admiration upon the genius of those men that gave birth to such structures; and though we may call it a dark age in which they lived, we must admit that no edifice of our own time surpasses the church of St. Ouen. We now paid a hasty visit to several other objects of curiosity. Many of these are exceedingly interesting; but I need not stop to describe them.

The last place we visited was an open square, in which there is an uncouth image placed upon a pump. This bears the name of the Statue of the Maid of Orleans. Here this interesting girl was executed in 1431; and this monument was erected to commemorate the sad event. I briefly told the story to my companions; but they insisted upon knowing the whole. When we had reached the hotel, and had taken a cup of tea, I thus related the melancholy adventures of Joan of Arc.

In a remote part of France is situated the little village of Domremy. Here the celebrated Maid of Orleans was born in the year 1410. Her parents were poor, but honest people. They partook of the religious and somewhat superstitious character which marked the inhabitants of the district. Joan, their daughter, had no advantages of education; but her mind was deeply imbued with religious ideas, and her imagination seemed disposed to dwell upon events of a supernatural kind. It was about this time that Charles VI was upon the throne of France. He being in a state of partial insanity, two leading families—those of Orleans and Burgundy—contended for the crown. A state of anarchy followed,

and the hostile parties rushed to arms. The Burgundians acknowledged Henry V of England to be king of France, and called in English armies to aid them in the contest.

The leader of the Orleans party was a young prince named Charles. On the death of the king, he was declared his successor. Between this prince and the house of Burgundy, the feelings of the people were divided, some declaring in favor of one, and some of the other. The people of Domremy were generally in favor of Charles; and Joan, at an early age, espoused his cause with all the ardor whieh belonged to her character. She had heard, among the people, a prophecy that a maiden of France should one day save the kingdom. Joan soon began to imagine that she might be the person to fulfil this wondrous prochecy. Her mind became filled with visions, and sweet voices seemed to call upon her, and bid her go to the rescue of Charles.

While she was in this state of mind, a party of the Burgundian soldiers came to the village of Domremy, plundering the people and burning their houses. Joan and her parents were obliged to fly. When the soldiers were gone, they returned and found the

little church of Domremy in ashes. To the pious mind of the maiden this seemed a sacrilegious act, and a new motive now impelled her to attempt the deliverance of her country. The sweet voices spake again in her visions, and seemed to say, " Awake, Joan of Arc! Arise! Go forth and save your king and your country. "

From this time she had no hesitation in avowing her intended enterprise. Her parents, becoming acquainted with her designs, sought to prevent its being undertaken; but Joan was too resolute to be diverted from her purpose. She communicated her plan to her uncle, and he was induced to accompany her to the commander of the French forces, in the vicinity of Orleans. This person at first refused to see her; and after an interview dismissed her with contempt.

Joan now went to reside with her uncle; but many persons became acquainted with her character, and were persuaded of her divine mission. The cause of Charles grew more and more hopeless. His troops, besieged in the city of Orleans by the Burgundians and their English allies, were reduced to the greatest extremity; it seemed that they must

be speedily overwhelmed. In this hopeless condition, the French commander recollected the scheme of the maiden of Domremy. Accordingly he sent for her, and determined to accept her proffered aid. The dauphin, Charles, assented to the scheme.

After many religious ceremonies in the church, Joan was clad in a complete suit of steel armor, and, attended by a chosen band, set out for the city of Orleans. It was encircled by the British forces; but Joan contrived to gain admittance, carrying with her a quantity of provisions to the starving soldiers within the walls.

The story soon ran from mouth to mouth, that a maiden sent from heaven for the deliverance of the city, had come thither. The fact that Joan had gained admittance, and brought a quantity of provisions in spite of the besiegers, seemed to give color to the wondrous revelation. The appearance of the maiden herself, confirmed the impression thus made. Youthful and pale, she was still beautiful; and her countenance had an expression of indescribable sweetness and dignity. Though clad in steel, and wearing a sword at her side, she seemed only a spirit, whose mission was indicated by these martial emblems.

The drooping spirits of the French soldiery rose at once to the wildest pitch of enthusiam. They were impatient to rush upon the enemy, seeming assured of victory. At the same time, the English soldiers without, heard the rumor of what had taken place within the city. The reality was indeed exaggerated, and the besiegers became panic-stricken with the idea that a supernatural being had now taken part with the defenders of the place. In this state of feeling, Joan headed the soldiers, and led them to the attack. She appeared in the front ranks, where arrows and spears flew thick as hail, addressing her countrymen, and rousing them to deeds of valor. Day after day she renewed the fight, success and victory seeming in every instance to attend her. The besiegers at length began to waver, and at last they gave way before the irresistible shock. The gates of the city were thrown open, the besieged soldiers rushed out, and the enemy were effectually put to flight.

Thus, in a single week after Joan's arrival, the city was relieved; and from that time she received the name of the Maid of Orleans.

The first part of the maiden's prophecy had been

thus fulfilled. All now seemed to regard her as appointed by Heaven to complete the grand design which she had announced. The soldiers of the Orleans party were animated with confidence and zeal, while the Burgundians and their English allies were disheartened in an equal degree. The contest in such a state of things could hardly be doubtful. Battle followed battle; but Joan, leading her countrymen, prevailed in every instance. The cause of Charles, before reduced to a state of desperation, was now triumphant; and, according to the fashion of his ancestors, he was formally crowned king of France, in the cathedral of Rheims. How must the heart of the pious and patriotic Maid of Orleans have swelled with emotion, when she witnessed that gorgeous spectacle, and thus saw her prophecy fulfilled? What a debt of gratitude did Charles VII owe to one who had thus saved his life, and given him a crown! What obligations were due from France to one who had thus saved its honor and its throne!

But, unhappily, gratitude is not always the reward of noble deeds. In heading an attack, the heroic Joan was captured by some French troops who belonged to the Burgundian party. These cruelly gave

her up to the English, who disgraced their name and their nation by the manner in which they treated the gentle captive. They charged her with sorcery, and pretended that she had leagued with the devil, by whose aid she had performed her wonderful works. She was imprisoned at Rouen, and all sorts of crimes were charged against her. She was brought to trial before a number of judges, most of whom were priests. She stood alone among them, no one being permitted to appear as her advocate. Her judges sought to embarrass her by artful questions, but she baffled and confounded them with the truth and simplicity of her replies. Even this went against her; for it was said to proceed from art, and could not be practised by one so young, without the help of the devil.

There was no mercy, there was no justice, in the hearts of these cruel men. They pronounced her guilty of sorcery, and condemned her to be burnt alive! A pile of wood was raised in the square of Rouen, and Joan was placed upon it. When the flames curled around her, she begged that the image of her Savior might he placed before her. The crucifix was elevated so that she could see it above the

smoke. Fixing her eyes upon it with earnestness, she prayed fervently to the Savior, and while her lips were yet moving, her spirit departed.

At this point of my narrative, I found Izzy was sobbing, and Ike went to the window and pretended to be looking out, though it was dark as pitch. After a little time, Izzy mustered courage to speak.

"It's a dreadful story," said she. "But, pray, why did King Charles let them execute the poor girl, to whom he owed his life and his throne?" "Alas!" said I, "kings are not very apt to remember the favors they receive. Many a king has stepped over the dead bodies of men who have sacrificed their lives in his behalf, and thought of them only as stepping-stones to power."

"Well," said Izzy, "king or no king, I think this Charles VII was a poor, mean creature, to permit a beautiful young woman, who had made him king, to be thus burned alive. He ought, at least, to have married her, and made her his queen." "You are truly romantic," said Ike, now turning from the window. "But, pray, when did they raise this statue to Joan of Arc?"

I now completed the story of poor Joan. I related

how her ashes were gathered up by her executioners and thrown into the river, as too foul and fiendish to mingle with common dust. I stated that afterwards, the subject was fairly investigated, the wicked charges against her were refuted, and her fair fame completely vindicated. It appeared clear that Joan of Arc was pure, virtuous, and sincere; that she truly believed her divine mission, and did no act unworthy of her faith and profession. She was, indeed, an enthusiast, deluded by the warmth of her heart and the ardor of her imagination. Yet her effort had but a single object,—the cause of patriotism blent with religion.

CHAPTER VI.

The start for Paris. — Appearance of the country. — St. Denis. — Paris. — Population. — Walks. — History of Paris.

At an early hour the next day, we proceeded to the station, and took our seats in the cars. The steam popped, puffed, and fizzed; the conductors chattered;

the passengers ran hither and thither, very much as they do, under the same circumstances, in Yankee land. We bought our tickets, took our seats, and set forward upon the track. Slowly and smoothly we began; but soon the objects seemed to fly by us with the swiftness of arrows. Houses, trees, rocky banks, hills, and hill-sides, dashed past the windows, thus showing that we sped forward with great rapidity.

The tracks of the road were so smooth that we hardly seemed to move, and it was only by looking out of the window, that we became sensible of our speed. Away we went, my companions gazing forth with all their eyes. Every thing appeared strange. There were no white wooden houses, no fields chequered with stone walls or rail fences, to be seen. The country was what is called *undulating;* that is, rising into low hills, and sinking into moderate valleys. The surface, through long cultivation, looked smooth as a carpet. The fields seemed ploughed by rule and compass. Ike remarked that the traces of the plough in the field reminded him of ruled music paper. The separate farms were only divided by ditches, so that the whole country seemed

a common, divided into squares and patches, however, by different crops.

There were very few farm-houses, scattered here and there; nearly all the people seemed to live in villages, the houses of which were built of stone, and had a dusky appearance. Once we saw a shepherd, with his busy and bustling dog, driving in the stray members of the flock. This scene delighted Izzy, for she had often read about shepherds and shepherds' dogs; and Hannah More's beautiful story of the "Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," she had by heart.

On, on, we went, and in four hours we dashed through the old gray city of St. Denis, plunged under an arch supporting a lofty fortification, and then rushed into a wilderness of streets and buildings. This was Paris! In a few minutes we were at the station. All around was confusion; but at last I collected my baggage, got my friends into a carriage, and we drove to the hotel.

Thus far the great city had given my companions pain rather than pleasure; they were bewildered with so many strange objects, and when we reached our room and sat down, there was an evident look of weariness and disappointment on both of their faces.

Ike went to the window which looked into a court. Here he saw a couple of dirty-looking coaches, a pair of poodle dogs, a man with a white cap on his head blacking boots, and a woman drawing water from a fountain. "Well," said he, "I don't think much of Paris, after all." Izzy ran to the window and looked into the court. "Do you call this Paris?" said she, disdainfully.

By this time the waiter had brought us our lunch; and a capital one it was. "This," said I, "is Paris," looking at Ike. "How do you like it?" "It tastes real good!" said he; upon which we had a laugh all around—a fact which will enable the reader to understand that Ike, Izzy, and I could laugh, upon small provocation—for he was thinking of bread and butter and I of the city.

It must not be supposed that we had come so far without first making ourselves acquainted with the great place where we now were. At Havre, we had bought a book, called a "Guide to Paris." This contained pictures, and descriptions of the principal objects of interest; and it had a map, or plan, of the city, which gave a very exact idea of its shape and extent.

We had occasionally looked into this book, and learned many things respecting Paris. We found that it contained more than a million of people—that is, more than twenty of the largest cities in the United States. It is the largest in Europe, excepting London. It is the capital of France, and here the Emperor resides.

Paris is entirely surrounded by two walls of stone, from ten to fifteen feet high. One encloses the city only; the other is one or two miles beyond this, and takes in a large extent of country. The inner wall is nearly twelve miles in length, the city being about four miles across. The River Seine, which is about five hundred feet wide, runs through Paris, and is crossed by several bridges. Numerous boats, and even steamboats, ply upon this river, passing from Paris to Havre. The stream is amazingly crooked, it being nearly three times as far to Havre by this route, as it is by land.

Paris is a city of great antiquity. About two thousand years ago, however, it was a small place, inhabited by rude people, called *Parisii*. They occupied only the little island in the Seine now called the *City*. Here they collected their flocks, for the

country all around was covered with forests, and these were filled with wild beasts.

About fifty years before Christ, a famous Roman general, called *Cæsar*, came with a large army into this country. He conquered the tribes throughout France, and took possession of the city of the Parisii. The Romans continued to hold the country for nearly five hundred years. Under their care, Paris became a great metropolis. They built splendid temples, which they dedicated to Jupiter and other gods. Several Roman emperors visited Paris, and many eminent Romans lived there.

The original inhabitants of France were called *Celts*, or *Gauls*. They consisted of several tribes, and the Parisii were one of these. About the year 450, Rome herself was conquered by northern barbarians. Unable to maintain her provinces, they fell one by one into other hands. In the year 445, a horde of barbarians, called *Franks*, came rushing into this country from Germany. They took the city of Paris, and established themselves in the surrounding districts. Their leaders became kings of the country, and the name of *Franks*, changed to *France*, is now its designation. Clovis, the first regular king

of France, fixed his residence at Paris in the year 496, since which time it has been the capital of the country.

CHAPTER VII.

A visit to the garden of the Tuileries. — The promenades, statues, fountains. —The crowds of people. — The nurses and the children.—The swans, the gold-fishes, the sparrows, the wood pigeons.

After resting a while at the hotel, we concluded to sally forth and see a little of the great city. Ike and Izzy had put on their best things, and seemed to imagine that every body in Paris was going to take a sharp look at them. Descending four pair of stairs, slippery with rubbing and wax, we entered the court of the hotel. Crossing this, we passed under an archway, and were in the open street. On one side was a long range of buildings six stories in height, and uniform in their style of architecture. On the other side was a lofty fence, composed of pieces of iron in the shape of spears, with gilt heads pointed upward. One of the gates of this barrier

was open, and by the side of it was a soldier in full costume, walking back and forth.

Taking my companions by the hand, I crossed the street and entered the gateway. How shall I describe the scene which was before us? It was the most brilliant spot on the face of the globe,—the gardens of the Tuileries! *

This charming place is about half a mile long, and nearly one fourth of a mile wide. On the eastern side is the palace of the Tuileries, extending the entire width of the gardens. Its windows command a view of the whole place, thus presenting to the inmates, a constant spectacle of interest and beauty.

On the southern side, the garden is bounded by an embankment or terrace, which separates it from the Seine. On the western side, it is bounded by embankments, in the centre of which is a wide passage leading into the Elysian Fields. On the no thern side is Rivoli Street, by which we entered the gardens, and whose long line of palace-like buildings, we have just mentioned.

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* This word is pronounced *Tweel-e-rez*.

Typ. Ernest Meyer

GARDEN OF THE TUILERIES.

It is not possible to give a full idea of the beautiful spectacle that was before us. We stood on an elevated terrace, and commanded an entire view of the place—seventy acres in extent. It was a perfect level, crossed in various directions by smooth gravel-walks, and beautified by numerous enclosures, either covered with green grass or embellished with flowers. Groups of statuary were visible in every direction; circular and oval pools of water, enclosed by hewn stone, and seeming like mirrors set in the earth, were seen here and there. Nearly one half the space is shadowed by lofty trees, beneath which are smooth promenades and grassy enclosures.

But the beauty of the place was heightened by the multitudes of people that were there. It was the latter part of November; yet the sun was bright and warm; men sat reading under the trees, and women were knitting and sewing along the terraces. Hundreds, nay, thousands of people were moving upon the avenues, crossing each other in all directions. But the most interesting part of the scene consisted of the children, sporting along the walks, full of frolic and fun. Some drove hoops; some drew little car-

riages; some ran races, some ran chases; some played with balls; some made ovens in the sand; some jumped; some laughed; but nobody cried. It was a scene of unmixed beauty and enjoyment.

Yet the most pleasing part of the story has not been told: groups of nurses were seen here and there, with infants of all ages and sizes, from the little new-born to the lusty Hercules of two years. These maids were all nicely dressed with gay petticoats and caps white as the snow. A white handkerchief or gay shawl usually covered the shoulders; their ruddy cheeks, and bare, plump, red arms, betokened high health. The children they bore about, or dandled in their laps, were evident objects of care and affection; for the most part, they were sumptuously arrayed in rich silken cloaks, gaudily fringed, furred, and tasseled. The plump, rosy face of the child was generally imbedded in lace. The legs showed a brilliant pair of stockings and red morocco shoes. Never have I seen such a set of little kings and queens, as in the arms of these nurses.

But what said Ike and Izzy to all this? Having entered the gate, I paused to take a general view of

the scene, and my companions did the same. They said not a word, but ran their eyes hither and thither, seeking to comprehend and embrace the whole at a glance. Izzy looked as if she were in a dream—gazing first at the palace, and then at the statues, and then at the moving multitude. Following one object after another, she came to a group of children immediately before us. A girl of about her own age was dashing by with a hoop; letting go of my hand, and exclaiming, "Oh, see that hoop!" Izzy bounded down the steps, and flew like a sylph by the side of the girl and her flying toy. Ike, greatly astonished at this unaccountable act of indecorum on the part of his sister, exclaimed, "Izzy, Izzy! come back! come back!" The girl heard the rebuke, and, seeming herself to feel that she had committed a breach of propriety, slowly returned, her face reddening to her very ears.

We now sauntered along the walks, taking a view of every thing that interested us. My companions, usually so inquisitive, asked few questions; their hearts were indeed full. At length we returned to our hotel; and it was not until the next day, that

I discovered how many things the two children had remarked and remembered.

During our stay in Paris, we often repeated our visit to the gardens of the Tuileries. Every bright day, even during the winter, they were filled with people, the children always forming a large portion of the multitude. I do not believe there is another place in the world where human life always appears so joyous. It is a scene of perpetual youth —an unfading spring—a constant harvest of flowers.

During the spring and summer, from sunrise till sunset, these gardens are the haunt of young and old, the grave and the gay. At three o'clock in the afternoon, twenty thousand persons may often be seen here, three fourths of whom are women and children. If the weather be fresh, they seek the sunny promenades. If it be hot, they sit or saunter in the deep, cool shade of the trees. Some read, some sew, some gaze, some doze, some walk, some talk, some romp, some dance and some do nothing.

Every one seems to feel the gentle influence of the place; every one is entirely at ease. I never saw a person walk about here, seeming to feel that every body was looking at him. When Izzy first entered

the gardens, she was thinking a good deal about her new bonnet; and Ike was evidently wondering whether any body would notice his nice new beaver, which he had made smooth as a bottle with the sleeve of his coat. It was the last time, I believe, that either of them ever thought of their dress in the gardens of the Tuileries. One forgets dress, and ceases to think it an object of importance, in the midst of this gay scene; the reason, I believe, is, that nobody stares at you. All are too well bred for that. You stalk into the gardens, thinking a great deal of yourself, and your new hat and coat. You soon discover, that of all the twenty thousand people around you, nobody cares for you or your fine attire. Every body has come here to be happy, not to gaze or to be gazed at. You dismiss your stiff and stalking airs, and throw your self-conceit aside. You have taken a lesson that should last as long as you live. You have learned the very essence of politeness, which teaches you to think more of others than of yourself.

There are some evidences of the pleasing and gentle influences of this spot, which are peculiar and striking. The gold-fishes, which rove by hundreds

in the ponds, will come to the margin, float to the surface, and make bubbles in your face, expecting thereby to get a crumb of bread or honey-cake; the swans will come floating along, following a group of children around the edge of their basins, and, stretching out their long necks, will take what they can get; the sparrows, which are always trooping about, now popping their heads through a trellis, and now hopping and hitching from right to left, watch the children as they pass, and dart down to pick up a morsel of bread or biscuit that may be thrown to them.

I have sometimes seen Ike and Izzy stand by one of the enclosures in the gardens, feeding these sparrows, for whole hours. Though surrounded by thousands of people, these little birds seem without fear. They have learned that peace reigns in this spot; that here they are secure from stones, sticks, and arrows, which thoughtless boys are apt to hurl at their devoted heads.

There is a still more striking fact on this subject to be related; flocks of wood-pigeons build and breed in the trees of these gardens. You may always see scores of their nests in the upper branches. Here

these birds, naturally so timid, seem perfectly at their ease, with thousands of people walking, talking, sitting, and sauntering around and beneath them. They seem even to have acquired the Parisian taste for this centre of pleasure. They continue here during the whole winter, and will descend on whistling winds to pick up crumbs and cake thrown to them. They are noble birds, a third larger than our house-doves. Their purple breasts shine with the radiance of the sapphire, and each one is decorated with a ring of white, partly encircling its neck. What a lesson do these birds teach us as to the power of gentleness and peace! Even the wood-pigeon—one of the wildest of the feathered tribes—becomes confiding and familiar, where it has learnt from experience that man has ceased to be a destroyer.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Boulevards. — The houses. — The church of the Madeleine.—The Flower market.—The Bazaar.—Mountebanks.

We soon found it very expensive staying at a hotel, and accordingly we looked out for lodgings. We easily supplied ourselves with rooms that suited us, and were speedily established in our new quarters. We were now at leisure to look about the great city. There was no difficulty in finding objects to amuse and interest us.

Indeed, when we went into the streets, there were so many things to attract attention and excite curiosity, that my companions were almost bewildered. Izzy was constantly crying out at the shop windows, "Oh, see this!" and "Oh, see that!" and Ike was hardly behind her in his exclamations of surprise and delight.

We lived pretty near the great street of Paris, called the Boulevards, running nearly through the centre of Paris. This is over four miles in length, and more than one hundred feet in width. A great

part of the way, the walks on each side are twenty feet wide. It is a favorite promenade of the citizens, and from morning to night, it is thronged with people.

Nowhere in the world is there such another street as this. On each side, the buildings appear like a succession of palaces. The Boston Museum, in Tremont street, is a lofty and elegant building, but it would appear insignificant by the side of hundreds of the hotels, coffee-houses, theatres, shops, and private houses of the Boulevards. Many of these are seven stories high, richly ornamented in their architecture, and decorated with balconies, balustrades, and cornices.

The shops on each side of this wonderful street are very numerous. Every thing under the sun seems to be offered for sale here. Some present objects of great value, others are filled with articles which are interesting from their curious ingenuity. These shop windows are fitted up with great art, so as to be very attractive to the passers-by.

Well, as I have said, this great street was our favorite resort; almost every day we took a stroll in some part of it; we seemed drawn thither by a kind of magic. Frequently, I would find Izzy's little hand

pulling me towards the Boulevards, even though she did not ask me to go there. When we got upon the broad, smooth pavement, we fell into the living current and sauntered along with it. It is one of the great comforts of this place, that nobody is in a hurry; there is no pushing and shoving, even where there are fifty thousand people in the street and the pavements are thickly covered as far as the eye can reach. Every body has an air of leisure. Hundreds are constantly stopping at the shop windows, and hundreds more are pausing to purchase bouquets of the flower girls, or trinkets of the pedlars, that offer their wares on every side.

It is impossible not to be amused in such a place as this. The interest also seems to be renewed every day. You have the same streets and the same buildings, but a constant change of objects in other respects. New faces and new forms present themselves every day of the year. The merchandise in the shop windows is constantly undergoing a change. The toys, the bonnets, the shawls, the trinkets, the ornaments of today, give place to new styles and new patterns to-morrow. New books, new pictures, new engravings, new devices and inventions, are put

before the beholder with endless and untiring succession.

It is discouraging to undertake to describe such a wonderful place as this. I wish all my little readers could be with me in Paris. I should like to march at the head of ten thousand of them through the Boulevards! What a roar of exclamations there would be, on such an occasion as that! But this cannot be,—so I must do the best I can; and, as I have undertaken to give an account of our "Walks and Talks" in Paris, I must proceed with my task.

Well, kind reader, suppose that Ike, Izzy, and I, are sauntering forth upon one of our strolls. Descending from our apartment, which is up five pair of stairs, we get into the street, which is very narrow. Passing along this, we come to a large space, which is called the *Square of the Madeleine.* This square is surrounded by dwellings. In the centre is the famous church, which gives name to the place. It has no steeple or tower, but is in fact an imitation of an ancient Greek temple. The roof is supported by a range of lofty colums encircling the building. The edifice covers nearly an acre and a half of ground. It

is beautifully proportioned, and its magnitude renders it sublime.

By the side of the church, and upon the open court, is the chief flowermarket of Paris. At all seasons of the year, spring, summer, autumn, and winter, this place is crowded with flowers of every hue and every form. Some hundreds of women are often here; and, as you pass along, they invite you, by soft words and winning smiles, to purchase their posies. They have little pots and big pots; they have bouquets of all sizes; they have blossoms in season and out of season. If you do not like red, they can furnish you with blue. The price of flowers here is very low; a very pretty bouquet, in January, will cost you but a franc, that is, twenty cents. It is impossible not to be tempted by smiling women and blooming flowers, especially when both are so reasonable.

But we must not stop so long at one place, or we shall never get through the Boulevards. Let us proceed. We pass by several shops filled with paintings and engravings; we pass establishments of old bronzes, vases, and other curiosities. We pass by toy shops, book stores, jewelry stores, dry goods stores, etc.

At length we come to a strange-looking building called the *Chinese Baths.* * This is a very large edifice, constructed in the Chinese fashion. If you go in at the entrance, you might imagine yourself in Canton or Pekin. You find yourself surrounded by curiously painted jars and pots, containing flowers which have evidently come from the other side of the world. If you choose to proceed, you may have a bath, hot or cold, long or short, cheap or dear. If you desire it, your bath may be perfumed with cologne or otto of roses. If you please, you may be rubbed over, from head to foot, with the most luxurious mixtures of soaps, ointments, and perfumes, that the art of man can invent.

A little beyond the Chinese Baths, is a favorite *Bazaar.* Here you enter a narrow passage, and, going along, soon find yourself in a vast hall filled with merchandise of almost every kind under the sun. It is, in fact, a congregation of little establishments, yet altogether embracing an endless variety of articles. There are at least fifty women here

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* This building was taken down in 1854, and another now stands in its place.

ready to wait upon you. They have every species of toys that you can imagine. Oh, how Izzy did exclaim as she looked at the dolls! There was every variety, from the little simple baby-doll, of six inches long, up to the flaunting young lady-doll, covered with ribbons and roses.

One of the shop-keepers will show you all kinds of shell-ware and another all kinds of bronzes; another will show you watches, another clocks. One invites you to buy kitchen articles, and another tempts you with cabinet-furniture. You will be fortunate, if you get out of this place with as much money in your pocket as you had when you went in.

But what means that group at the shop window, over the other side of the street? Let us go and see. It is very curious, certainly. Here is a little model of a sofa-bedstead, which is constantly opening and shutting, and showing how it is at one time a rich sofa, covered with silk, and how at another time it becomes a bedstead covered with a mattress. These curious movements are performed by machinery within the little bedstead, yet it seems almost to be alive, and to do its work of its own head. The object of this contrivance is to attract attention, and

to let people know that sofa-bedsteads, after this model, are to be had within the shop where the exhibition is made.

We go a little farther, and behold a small knot of people gathered upon the sidewalk. We peep among them, and catch a glimpse of a boy fancifully dressed, and performing curious tricks. He lays a cloth down upon the sidewalk, and then he stands upon his head, walks upon his hands, with his feet in the air, and executes a number of wonderful evolutions!

CHAPTER IX.

The Italian boulevard.—The shop windows.—The passages.—A monkey dentist.—Mice duellists.—Places of amusement.—Place de la Bastille.—Garden of Plants.—Exterior boulevards.

I hope you are not tired, kind reader, for we have but just begun our walk. We are now in the very middle of what is called the Italian Boulevard. Look at the buildings on either side! Do they not seem like palaces? Observe the flood of people passing and repassing. The finest of these buildings are

cafés, or coffee houses, where you may not only get coffee, but delicious fruits, ice-creams, and the like. The rooms in these buildings are fitted up with a magnificence equal to the parlors and drawing-rooms of kings and queens. On every hand you see the most splendid mirrors. The ceilings are hung with chandeliers, that remind you of the tales of Fairy-land. The tables are of curious marble. The chairs are of costly wood, and lined with satin. Carpets, soft as the wool of Thibet, are upon the floor.

Every art has been used in these gay places to gratify the palate and please the senses. On a summer evening, if you chance to be passing here, you will find hundreds, nay, thousands, of people, sitting in chairs upon the pavement in front of the coffee-houses. Some are sipping cordials, and some are sipping coffee. Some are taking ice-creams, and others water-ices. But this is not enough for the luxurious Parisians. Not only must the palate be tickled with luxuries, and the eye be charmed with an illumination of the whole street, but the ear must be saluted with music. Groups of itinerant musicians are seen playing or singing to the idle and luxurious throng.

We proceed in our walk. Here is a shop window filled with bronzes. Among these you see copies of almost every famous statue in the world—Apollo, Venus, Laocoon, Hercules, Diana, Antinous, and hundreds of others. But what is this? See! it is a placard, stating that all these bronzes are made by means of a new discovery, which enables the workman, in the space of a few hours, to give an exact copy, in bronze, of any piece of statuary!

Passing by shops filled with clocks and others filled with watches; passing by a great variety of stores, we come to the Passage of the Opera. This is a kind of covered street, with shops on both sides. It resembles the arcades of London, Philadelphia, and Providence. A little farther along is the Passage of Jouffroy. This has been recently finished, and is truly magnificent. On the other side of the street is the Panorama Passage, which is considered one of the finest in Paris. The shops there are truly splendid. But, if you have not plenty of money, be careful how you buy there, for the articles are very dear. The price of goods in Paris is generally proportioned to the splendor of the place in which they are sold.

We will go on. Here, at the left, is a vender of stuffed animals. What a curious display in his window! Never have I seen Ike and Izzy more amused than here. Among other things, there are a couple of small monkeys, dressed like men in the height of fashion. One is sitting in a chair, while the other, who appears to be a dentist, is drawing his tooth. The agony of the patient is displayed in his outstretched legs, his two hands grasping the arms of the chair, and the swelling muscles of his countenance. The professional display of conceit and satisfaction in the operator, is admirable. Indifferent to the distress of his victim, he seems to be wrenching the tooth out, with as much delight as any child may be imagined to feel when he puts a sugarplum, in.

There were other curious things in this shop window. We saw a pair of mice, fighting a duel with swords; a goggling owl, sitting by a lamp and reading a book which he held in his hand; and a bird of paradise like a young lady in full costume. There were many other conceits of a similar kind.

It is quite in vain to describe one half of the curious things to be seen in a walk along the Boule-

vards. The same succession of splendid buildings and splendid shops; the same endless throng; the same variety of curious and interesting things, are met with for miles. At length the scene changes in some degree. The street is equally crowded, but the people seem to be of a humbler class. The shops and buildings are less elegant. There is more appearance of business, and less an aspect of leisure. At the same time, there is a curious mixture of places of amusement in the midst of the busy scene. Theatres, public gardens, shooting galleries, and other establishments of the kind, are visible on either side. You see jugglers perfoming their tricks on the pavement. In a little room erected upon a scaffold, you observe a company of harlequins, delighting an audience with their mummeries. Farther along are various otheir exhibitions, according to the old advertisements, "too tedious to particularize."

Continuing our walk, we reach, at length, the Place de la Bastille or Square of the Bastille. Here is the site of the celebrated prison which was thrown down by the mob of Paris, at the beginning of what is called the French Revolution. This took place nearly seventy years ago.

Leaving this spot, we come to the river Seine. This we cross, and, passing the famous Garden of Plants on the right, we at length reach the Barrier of Italy. This is one of the gates of the city by which the people pass in and out. Here the Boulevard terminates; and here is the inner wall, which I have before described as encircling Paris. If you pass outside of the wall, you will find what is called the Exterior Boulevard, which runs close to the wall round the whole city.

CHAPTER X.

The Elysian Fields.—Place de la Concorde.—Column of Luxor. — Honey cakes and sweet meats. — Boys and girls being weighed. — Punch and Judy. — The green man and the soldier. — Shooting at images with a bow and arrow. — A coach and six goats.—The Swiss boy and the marmot. — The blind singer. — The stone breaker. — The Arch of Triumph.

After we had been some time in Paris, I asked Izzy which she preferred, the Gardens of the Tuileries, the Boulevards, or the Elysian Fields? She seemed embarrassed by the question, and finally an-

swered by saying that sometimes he preferred the one and sometimes the other. It is indeed difficult to choose between them. On a fine day, when one desires pleasing and tranquil amusement, perhaps the Gardens of the Tuileries will be best suited to his humor. If he wishes variety and exercise, he may stroll along the Boulevards. If his spirits are high, and he wishes to see the Parisians in all their gayety, let him go to the Elysian Fields.

The latter, called Champs Elysées by the French, have their name from the imaginary paradise of the ancient Greeks. It is indeed a kind of paradise, and such as is found nowhere else. It is difficult to describe it, yet I must undertake the task. Let us suppose, then, that we have been sauntering in the Gardens of the Tuileries, and, coming to the western gate, pass out into the space that lies before it. This is called Place de la Concorde, or Concord Square. It is a vast area, crossed at right angles by broad streets. In the centre is a column or obelisk, one hundred feet in height. The shaft is seventy-two feet in length, and consists of a single stone brought from the ruins of Luxor in Egypt. Its sides are covered with hieroglyphics, and, though these were

probably executed more than three thousand years ago, the carving appears as perfect as if it had been completed within the present year.

This monument is in itself a wonder; yet the objects around are worthy attendants of such a work. Where in the world is there such another scene? Looking to the east, you have the Gardens of the Tuileries, and, through a long opening in the trees, you see the palace itself. To the north is the sublime edifice of the Madeleine, seen through a street magnificent for its architecture. On the south is the Chamber of Deputies, a splendid edifice, which you approach by crossing a bridge over the Seine. To the west are the Elysian Fields. These consist of a space one fourth of a mile in width, and a mile and a quarter in length, nearly covered with trees, yet sprinkled here and there with beautiful coffee-houses, and places of public amusement. Through the centre is a broad avenue, with a superb promenade on either side. At the extremity is the Triumphal Arch, a monument which, for beauty and sublimity, is perhaps unequalled.

Such are the more prominent objects which arrest the attention of the beholder, standing in the centre

of the Place de la Concorde, and at the foot of the obelisk of Luxor. Nearer at hand, and within the square, are two superb fountains. These are sending their colums of water high in air, and, if the weather be warm, diffusing a delicious coolness around. If you approach these fountains, you will see that colossal figures, the upper part bearing the forms of men and women, are clasping the images of various animals in their arms, from the mouths of which water is spouted into the air.

Let us suppose that it is now about two o'clock in the afternoon. A flood of people are passing through the western gate of the Gardens of the Tuileries, and taking their way to the great avenue of the Elysian Fields. A perpetual stream of coaches pouring along the Place de la Concorde, also enter the great avenue. These are of every fancy, from the rich and gorgeous coach, loaded with gold lace and glittering with ornaments, down to the sober one-horse berlin of the humble citizen. These carriages are driven into the avenue. The ladies within descend, and join the throng upon the pavement.

What a scene is here: thousands and thousands of people, poured out of the city and collected in one

throng in the bosom of this enchanted garden! Here you will see a variety hardly to be found elsewhere. Upon the pavement, you remark two streams of people, one flowing in one direction and the other flowing in the other. Here are persons of every rank, occupation, and condition in life. The young and the old, the rich and the poor, the fair and the ugly, are all mingled together. Lawyers, physicians, statesmen, shopkeepers, high-bred dames and their servants, Turks, Greeks, foreign ambassadors, Germans, Englishmen, Americans, soldiers and citizens, —all, all are here. And all appear to have come to breathe the fresh air, and mingle in the gay spectacle.

The crowd is chiefly confined to the promenade on the northern side of the avenue. The avenue itself presents a constant succession of equipages, many of which are remarkable for their richness and beauty. They are of every taste and pattern that fancy can devise. Hundreds of ladies and gentlemen are also riding on horseback.

On the other side of the avenue is a series of very different objects. Numerous little booths are strung along the side of the walks, filled with honey-cake, and comfits of various kinds. In one place

you see a pair of scales, where young people are invited to come and be weighed, each paying a sou. The French are very much devoted to classical allusions, and accordingly these scales are dedicated to *Astræa*, the goddess of justice.

A little farther along is a small edifice devoted to the immortal freaks of Punch and Judy. This place is the especial favorite of the young, and I have seen many a fat old pair of sides almost burst with laughter, at witnessing the performances. When Ike and Izzy once became interested here, it was always hard work to get them away. Punch had so many queer ways, such droll attitudes, such ridiculous airs, and Mrs. Judy behaved in such an extraordinary fashion, that there was no resisting the fascination.

But these were not the only performances. There were two puppets, the Green Man and the Soldier, who gave each other many a hard knock; and then there was puss — a real puss, and a frizzle-pated image, called *the Doctor*. Puss was an enormous cat, of the Maltese breed. She performed her part to admiration; now attacked, and now retreated; now stood aloof, and now clapperclawed the doctor's wig like a genuine virago.

The line of cake-shops continues for a mile, broken here and there by various objects designed for amusement. Back from the pavement, and scattered beneath the trees, are various contrivances calculated to please the young. In one spot, four large boats are hung in air, and are made to revolve around a tall pole; filled with young people, they perform their circuit, rising and falling as they go. In one place, you see a man with a cross-bow in his hand, and around him he has dozens of little plaster images. At the distance of six yards is a table; upon this the man places one of his images, and, for two sous, you may shoot an arrow at it with the crossbow.

Ike admired this sport exceedingly. The bow was of steel, and the arrow sped with great force. The boy had an accurate eye, and he splintered one of the images in pieces at every other shot.

But what comes here? It is a little coach-and-six; but, instead of horses, the vehicle is drawn by goats!

It is indeed a gay equipage. The harness is glittering with silver plate, and the little carriage itself is beautifully fitted up. Six children are within. How their eyes flash, and their cheeks glisten! One

of them is driving. Bravo! how he cuts and slashes with his whip!

But who is this little melancholy-looking boy that stands at your side and gazes wistfully into your face? And what is that strange animal he carries upon his shoulder! The boy is a Swiss, and the animal is a marmot, a creature resembling our woodchuck. He has come all the way from his mountain country, and this little beast is his only friend in the great city. He asks for a single sou, and who can refuse to give it?

But hark! what strange jingle is that? A man without legs has a place fitted up by the pavement, and here he sits striking four little bells, and playing upon a bad fiddle, hoping that he too may now and then win a penny from the passers-by.

There are few beggars now in Paris. But there was one whom I often met in the gay throng of the Elysian Fields, and who touched me with melancholy. He was blind; and, as he was led along by a guide, he was always singing some sad and plaintive tune. Yet his countenance was cheerful; and when he heard a sou chink into his purse, a ray of pleasure flashed over his face. It seemed, however, like light—mo-

mentary and evanescent — in the midst of darkness. Alas! what can be so hopeless as the extinction of sight!

What means that group beneath yonder trees? Let us approach and see. In the centre is an athletic man, low in stature, but stout and broad-shoulder ed. He has his cap in his hand, and seems to be addressing the circle of persons that are gathered around him. Lying upon the ground before him is a large stone, and upon it is another, three or four inches in diameter. He hands it round, and it is carefully examined by various persons. It is a nodule of granite. The man wants thirty sous, and promises to break it in pieces with a blow of his fist. The thirty sous are soon collected, and the smaller stone is laid upon the larger one. After due preparation, the man strikes it with his fist, and it is broken into a dozen pieces! There is no deception, no trick in this. The performance has been witnessed hundreds of times. It is a wonderful example of the force of a skilful blow that may be given by the human hand.

Passing by a great variety of objects, we pursue our walk. The crowd continues with us. At last,

we reach the barrier or wall of the city. Going through the gate, the Arch of Triumph is before us. What a sublime, what a wonderful structure! It was begun by Napoleon to celebrate his battles. He was driven from Paris, and it was left to be completed by king Louis Philippe. It is an enormous arch, standing upon four piers. Its height is one hundred and fifty-two feet. You can ascend to the top, and have a view of Paris and the surrounding country.

It is impossible to stand upon the ground and look up at this monument without a feeling approaching to awe. As you continue to gaze upon it, the edifice seems to grow more and more grand, until you are filled with an emotion of sublimity. If you examine the work in detail, you will perceive that it is covered with exquisite carvings, representing various scenes from Bonaparte's battles, aud portraits of a great number of his most celebrated generals.

CHAPTER XI.

The fat ox, called Uncle Tom.—Description of the procession.—The celebration of the three glorious days.—Louis-Philippe.—Revolution of 1848.—Louis Napoléon, Emperor.—The Empress Eugenie.

From what we have said, it will be readily supposed that the people of Paris spend a large part of their time in amusement. They are not deficient in industry, and perhaps there is no place in the world where those whose duty it is to labor, are more devoted to their proper tasks. Yet there are many thousands who have small incomes, and, being content therewith, spend their whole time in seeking diversion. Even the laboring classes, when their work is done, give themselves up to amusement. The city presents every variety of entertainment suited to the different circumstances of the people. There are churches for the pious, operas for the rich. balls of all kinds, from those of the palace, where the sovereign's invitation alone can give admittance, down to the balls where apprentices may show off their steps for five sous. There are theatres of every degree,

Typ. Ernest Meyer

ARCH OF TRIUMPH.

sports and pastimes of every name under the sun. And besides these amusements, which take place every evening over the whole city, there are certain periodical festivities, which seem to excite universal sensation.

One of these occurred not long after our arrival. This was the procession of the Fat Ox. This takes place in the spring of the year, on what is called Shrove Tuesday. It is an ancient ceremony, and is said to have been introduced by the Romans. The meaning of it appears to be lost, and it is now but an idle frolic.

Yet this trifling ceremony appeared to shake all Paris with the liveliest emotions. On the morning of the eventful day, I went forth with the two children to see the sight. The Fat Ox was to enter from one of the slaughter-houses near the exterior boulevard, and, making a wide circuit, was to pass through the principal streets and avenues, stopping at the public offices and places of note. All along the projected route of the procession, the streets were thronged with men, women, and children. Almost all business seemed suspended for the time; every body had gone to see the Fat Ox!

We walked about for several hours, and were amazed to observe the patience with which the people waited for the spectacle. Never have I seen such quiet, orderly throngs as those of Paris; and well they may be, for there are plenty of soldiers on all sides to keep them in order.

At last, we saw a very gay vehicle moving along one of the principal streets. We chose a good position, and had a fine opportunity to see the sight. The ox was a beautiful animal, finely formed, fat, smooth, and mouse-colored. He was gayly dressed with ribbons and flowers, and his horns were gilded. The Fat Ox has always some name given to him; usually one that is notorious at the time. The present one was called Uncle Tom. Several butchers, fantastically dressed, went before, on horseback. Behind was an immense chariot, filled with men and women, dressed like gods and goddesses. There was Neptune with his trident, Mercury with his wand, and I know not how many others of the celestial throng. They were stout, fat divinities, for all were butchers and butchers' wives. Such was the mighty procession of the Fat Ox, which seemed for a whole day to occupy the thoughts of nearly half a million of people.

Another still more extraordinary spectacle, which used to be presented in Paris, was the celebration of the Three Glorious Days, the 27th, 28th, and 29th, of July. It was on these days, in the year 1830, that a revolution took place in Paris. This drove the king, Charles X, from the throne, and resulted in making Louis Philippe, his successor. This epoch, so memorable in the history of France, was formerly the great holiday of the country.

Upon this occasion, the first day was chiefly occupied in distributing alms to the poor throughout the several wards of the city. The second was devoted to the saying of masses for the souls of those who were killed in the revolution. Immense columns of soldiers poured through the streets, wearing black badges, and marching to mournful music. These ceremonies over, the third day was devoted to frolic and festivity. The Champs Elysées was the great scene of mirth and amusement. The immense space was covered over with every variety of spectacle, entertainment and show, that can be imagined. Several hundred thousand people were here, all bent on sport.

It is quite impossible to describe a hundredth part

of the fun and frolic going on at these times in the Champs Elysées. There were little theatres, puppet shows and sports of all kinds. In one place you could see a tall giantess; in another a little pigmy not much higher than your knee. I was present at one of these fetes many years ago, and I saw there a curious animal of the seal kind, which was exhibited to the admiring spectators. It was confined in a large tin box, beneath a tent. It had a black, intelligent eye, with a most human expression; and its actions showed a very docile and tractable disposition. The creature lifted up its fin, and held it out to me like a hand. It rolled over and over to the music of a waltz, and, when bid by its master, lifted its head and kissed him, uttering the word *papa* almost exactly like a human being. This singular animal was caught on the coast of Africa, and was the most extraordinary thing of the kind I ever beheld.

In the year 1848, another revolution took place in France. King Louis Philippe, who had displeased the people of Paris, was obliged to fly for his life. The mob broke into the palace of the Tuileries and tumbled all the king's clothes, pictures, papers and

furniture out of the windows. They took his throne, dragged it along the Boulevard to the Place de la Bastille, and there burned it amid shouts and exclamations.

The government of Louis Philippe was entirely overthrown; the king and his queen went away secretly, and afraid of being murdered, they fled to England. He was dressed in a sailor's jacket and pantaloons, and his wife was in the clothes of a servant!

For several weeks Paris was in a state of the greatest excitement. The mass of the people were delighted to get rid of the king, for they now expected to have a government which would make them all happy. Thousands of them formed into long processions, and went singing through the streets. There was nobody to restrain them, for there was in fact no government. Yet it is remarkable that the people committed no crimes. On the contrary, when they had got rid of the king, and destroyed all that belonged to him, they ceased their acts of destruction, and quietly set to work of themselves to protect the public property. They would allow no one to commit any act of theft or robbery.

After a time a new government was formed called a Republic. This seemed to delight the people, and all over France there were the greatest rejoicings. The fetes of Paris were even more brilliant than those held in commemoration of the three glorious days of July.

Under the republic, a nephew of the famous Napoleon Bonaparte, called Louis Napoleon, was chosen President.

After three years, by the aid of his soldiers, he suppressed the republic, and made himself Emperor of France, under the title of Napoleon III. In doing this a great many innocent people were killed in the streets of Paris.

The general opinion was that the conduct of Louis Napoleon in this affair, was very wicked, and in our country almost every body thinks so still. However the people of France submitted to him as Emperor, and they now seem very well satisfied with him. He married a handsome, amiable woman called Eugenie, and by her pleasant manners and charitable acts, she has helped the Emperor to become more popular with the people.

Ike, Izzy and I saw them riding out in their beau-

tiful carriage, very often. Both my companions l'ked their appearance very much; Ike seeming to prefer the Empress, and Izzy, the Emperor. When they saw them dashing by with their fine horses and gay equipage, they could not refrain from shouting with the people around. On one occasion, Izzy waved her handkerchief to the Emperor, as he was passing; he saw her and made her a low bow. Ever since that, she has insisted that he is the handsomest man she ever saw!

CHAPTER XII.

Winter in Paris and Winter at home: Spring. — The dancing gardens.—The Hippodrome: Equestrian exercises: the Arabs. — Mr. Godard and his balloon with three horses!

I must remind the reader that we arrived at Paris in the autumn and remained till the spring. We found the weather very different here from what we were accustomed to at home, in New England. Instead of the brisk snow storms of our native land, bringing with them sleighing, and skating, and snow

balling, and other winter sports, we found in Paris a great deal of rain and drizzle, with occasional light flurries of snow. For two or three weeks, it was very cold, and as the houses are not tight, we found it difficult to keep ourselves comfortably warm. The people of France, not accustomed to warm rooms, bear the cold very well; there are thousands of persons in Paris, who are so poor that they cannot buy fuel, except a little charcoal to boil their soup, and so they go without fire for warming themselves, the whole winter. They suffer very much, but they do not perish, as our people would do, under the same circumstances.

Ike and Izzy pined very much for their accustomed winter amusements. Every time it began to snow, Ike was impatient to have it come down wholesale, as it does in Boston. After a few minutes, it usually stopped, and the sun shone out and the snow disappeared. "Dear me,"—Ike would say on such occasions—"what cheap little snow storms these Frenchmen do have! How I wish I was in Boston!" The mud in the streets, thick as putty, which followed these drizzles, and which are indeed common throughout the winter, excited Ike's contempt, as well as his

indignation : "How much better it would be," said he, "to freeze it all down from December to March!"

We found the winter, such as it was, very short. By the latter part of February, the weather became mild and by the middle of March, the lilac bushes in the Garden of the Tuileries showed their full, yellow buds, apparently ready to burst into leaves or flowers.

Still, the spring advanced more slowly and quietly, than with us. It was very delighful, certainly, but both my young companions, even in the midst of the splendors of Paris, and in the enjoyment of its charming spring, felt that it was all rather tame. There was doubtless, to them, a want of that energy in nature, which marks our climate, and imparts its character to our people. Ike reminded me one day of some lines I wrote for him, a few years before, designed to express his feelings at the approach of spring, and which were as follows :

WELCOME TO SPRING.

Welcome breezy, balmy spring,
With your sunshine and your showers:
Welcome all the joys you bring
Verdant fields and fragrant flowers.

Welcome buttercup and pansy;
  Nothing now can come amiss:
Welcome catnip, dock, or tansy;
  All is fair in days like this!

Welcome lilies, welcome roses;
  Welcome every garden beauty:
Welcome all the meadow posies,
  Peeping forth as if on duty.

Welcome brier, welcome bramble;
  Even ye have fruit and flowers —
And I love the hoyden scramble,
  'Mid your wild and tangled bowers.

Welcome birds of every song,
  Welcome birds of every feather,
Sing your ditties loud and strong —
  We'll be happy all together!

Welcome dew and welcome rain,
  Though ye come in dash or drizzle:
Showers will bless the planted plain,
  And pastures dearly love a mizzle.

Welcome now the zephyr light,
  To kiss our cheeks, as if a lover:
And should it smite the left or right,
  Why, we will surely give it t'other!

After Ike had repeated these lines, he remarked very pertinently, that such verses would sound rather *fillibusterish* to Parisian boys and girls.

I know it is the fashion with some people, to praise mild climates and to rail at those which present certain extremes : but for my part I was born and bred where each of the four seasons has a decided and emphatic character, and I much prefer a country which presents nature under these forms. What poetry, what sentiment, what exaltation of thought and feeling in a vigorous spring, a positive summer, a determined autumn, an intense winter!

Just think of a New England spring! Let us begin with that transition from the cold to the warm season, and which I will take the liberty to describe in familiar rhymes :

1

Tell me, snow wreath, tell me why
Thou dost steal away so sly:
Why upon the hill to day,
But to morrow gone away?
"Spring is coming—spring is coming!"

2

Tell me, blue-bird, tell me why
Art thou seen in yonder sky,
Pouring music from above,
In a lay that 's all of love?
"Spring is coming—spring is coming!"

3

Tell me, foaming, romping rill,
Dashing headlong down the hill,
Why, like boy from school let out,
Dost thou leap, and laugh, and shout
"Spring is coming—spring is coming!"

4

Tell me, little daisy—tell
Why in yonder wooded dell
Forth you venture from the ground,
Mid the sere leaves all around?
"Spring is coming—spring is coming!"

And at last, spring has come! The snows are gone, the brooks and rivulets have cast off their icy fetters, the sun is warm and bright, the birds fill the forest with songs of triumph, the bud, the leaf and the flower peep out from the shroud of death and decay; and in the midst of all this, a joy, a delight—

something which makes it easy to laugh, shout, leap, run, dance and frolic — seems to steal out from the air and into the bosom.

Let us pass through April to May. The showers of the one have begotten the flowers of the other. There is now something less of sport and play, and more of serious occupation, in the general aspect of life.

The birds are building their nests; the robin begins to throw off its hoyden airs, and to put on a look of business; the quails steal low and sly in the thickets, for they are preparing to go to housekeeping; the mated sparrows bring sticks, and moss, and soft grass, to the lilac bush under the window, though they say nothing to you about it!

If you go the forest, there too the wild birds and quadrupeds that love the solitude, remote from man and his works, are occupied in their several ways—all busy, happy, rejoicing, according to their kind. Even in the remote wilderness, far over the hills toward the sunset, there are scenes of bliss and rejoicing. The gaunt wolf, the sly fox, the lonely pheasant, the timid deer, the gruff bear, the fleet antelope, the rock-loving mountain goat, even

the serpent,—now clad in his new skin, —seem to be endowed with new life in this season of renovating nature.

This is our American spring; and then comes summer with its intense sun, giving us those golden harvests, which enable us to extort tribute from the whole world : and then comes autumn, not hanging the trees in the sackloth of black crumpled leaves, as in Europe, but clothing them in imperial red, yellow, and purple; and then comes winter—not drizzling, mizzling, frizzling, as in the boasted climes of even France, and Italy—but with frost and snow, giving to man a new element and a new world, to stimulate his exertions and to invite his conquest. Is there not something grand, inspiring, in a continent thus endowed by nature, and ought not the people who breathe its atmosphere to reflect its energy and its glory?

But I have almost forgotten that I am in Paris. However I may indulge in fond remembrances of home, I must remark that while the people here contrive to amuse themselves very well during the winter, the warm weather of spring enlarges their circle of pleasures. They now seem like flies, all going abroad to sun themselves. You see thousands

of people sauntering in the squares and thoroughfares, and sitting on the walks, in front of the coffee-houses, sipping coffee, sugar-water and ices. The Champs Elysées are seen lighted up at night and seem like a fairy land of gayety and pleasure, till twelve o'clock.

The dancing gardens are now opened, and the Hippodrome, one of the most famous of all the places of amusement in Paris, becomes a general object of attention. This is situated just without the inner wall, near to the Arch of Triumph. It consists of a vast circus, with an amphitheatre of seats around, for the people. The general appearance of the building, when filled with spectators, is very gay, grand and imposing.

The chief sports of this famous place, consist of equestrian exercices. When I was here with my two friends, both men and women performed the most wonderful feats of grace, agility and strength, on horseback. There were also about a dozen Arabs from the desert of Sahara, in Africa, dressed in their white burnouses, who rode about, whirled their spears and muskets in the air, attacked and retreated, screaming all the time like so many hyenas.

But the most wonderful thing was the ascent of a balloon, carrying up three horses. This was conducted by M. Godard, the most successful balloonist who has ever been known. He has ascended hundreds of times, himself, without accident, and now it is as common for balloons to go up in Paris, as it is for ships to go to sea from New York. M. Godard has often taken up horses, and sometimes one of them has been mounted by a rider, during the whole voyage. It would seem that it must be painful to these poor brutes, but they do not appear to make any objection. As the balloon goes up, they are perfectly quiet, and after their ride, usually of some ten or twenty miles, they are always ravenously hungry. No accident has ever befallen them in their aerian voyages.

The French people are very ingenious in many arts, but in nothing do they seem to surpass other nations more than in training animals, so as to make them perform extraordinary feats. At the Hippodrome, we saw horses taught to dance, so as to keep perfect time; to go about and search in the sand for hidden objects and bring them to their master; to adapt themselves with perfect intelligence, to the performan-

ces of their riders, and various other things. At one of the circuses we witnessed other astonishing performances, but of a similar kind; here we also saw an elephant who danced a jig as well as a Scotchman. At the theatres, we saw dogs take parts, and perform almost as if they had been bred to the stage.

I recollect that one day Ike and Izzy were delighted with an itinerant exhibitor who had two dogs, dressed like a man and woman in the height of fashion, and which were made to dance waltzes, polkas, and mazourkas, in imitation of ladies and gentlemen. Nothing could be more ludicrous or more satirical than their airs and graces, which seemed actually to have been caught from a human ball-room.

This aptitude of the French for training animals arises, I think, in part from their love of animals. We once met with a pleasing illustration of this characteristic. As we chanced to be walking along the Italian Boulevard, we observed a little puppy on the side-walk. It had evidently got lost and was whining piteously. It was perfectly white, with silky hair, and a pink ribbon about its neck. No doubt it was a pet of somebody, and accustomed to be taken good care of; for it seemed dreadfully distressed at

its forlorn condition. The side-walk was crowded with people, some going one way and some another; but they all turned aside when they came to the little dog, and thus he had an open space to himself. He kept going this way and that, and looking up in the faces of the people; but he would not quit the spot, for he seemed to think his best chance of being found was to stay where he got lost. But what interested me very much, was the tenderness with which every body treated the little sufferer. The rushing throng, on a crowded side-walk, turned out for him, and for near half an hour he remained there, unharmed and undisturbed. Every body paused a moment, to bestow some words of pity upon him, and many of the ladies stooped down and patted him. It was a display of that lively sensibility, so natural to the French people; especially of that tender interest they feel in young animals. In no other country would a stray puppy have been treated with such consideration.

This love of animals leads the French people to make pets of dogs, monkeys, cats, and parrots, and I know some ladies who have three or four of each. One of the king Charles' breed of lap-dogs, with long

silky ears and staring eyes, will sometimes be sold for fifty dollars. Many a person, in Paris, who can hardly afford food for himself, still keeps his cat or his dog and contrives to feed it.

It it curious to see the people here cherish their favorite pets. They kiss them, hug them, talk to them, and treat them as if they were intelligent, sympathetic beings. I remember once to have seen a little girl occupied in dressing up her dog in a bonnet, ruff and cloak. She then set him in a chair, and brought a looking glass so that he might see himself. Ike and Izzy witnessed the scene, and both of them laughed to observe the serious expression of the dog's face and the sly humor of the girl's. I have often seen children here trying to teach cats and dogs to say their letters, and as to parrots, they are really made to talk in the most extraordinary manner. My companions were greatly amused with one that belonged to a lieutenant who lived next door to us. This bird had been taught to say "Shoulder arms! Present arms!" and indeed to go through a regular drill. It was really wonderful to hear the accuracy of his enunciation, and the close imitation of the emphasis proper to these words of command.

CHAPTER XIII.

Spirit of gayety in Paris. — Evening Amusements. — Holidays. — Sundays. — The government and the people. — Poverty and Revolution. — Preparations for the fête Napoleon. — Going into the streets and going to church. — The Champ de Mars. — The pantomime of the siege of Silistria.— The boat-races. — The illuminations. — The fireworks.

As the season advanced, the spirit of gayety and the love of pleasure, on the part of the Parisians, every day manifested itself more clearly. Many of the people indeed appeared to have no other object in life, than amusement; and the great mass, even the work-people, seemed to consider themselves entitled every day to three or four hours of pleasure.

When the sun sets in Paris, the city is lighted up from one end to the other, and all, or nearly all, devote themselves to enjoyment. Even the poor, those who are half fed and half clothed, can saunter along the brilliantly lighted boulevards, and look at the shop-windows—filled with engravings, pictures, jewelry, clocks, watches, statuary, sweet-meats, sausages, pies, cakes, flowers, fountains and other

Typ. Ernest Meyer.

IS NOT HE A BEAUTY?

things in endless variety—all arranged with the greatest skill in order to please the eye. They can pass in front of the cafés and see the gay men and women sipping their chocolate; they can go to the Champs Elysées, and listen to the comic songs of the pavillions, to the theatrical performances of Guignol, and to the inexhaustible drolleries of Punch and Judy. This they may do without a sou. Those who are more fortunate and have money in both pockets, may choose amid an endless train of amusements, from the theatre where Rachel entrances the refined literati, down to puppet-shows at two sous a ticket.

Established by the church, and sanctioned by usage, the fete-days are also numerous, but the sabbath is the common holiday of France. This is not observed in the manner it is with us. There is no law against working on Sunday, and many people do work on that day. The common way is to go to church in the forenoon, and to spend the rest of the day in amusement. Thus in Paris, on a Sunday afternoon, the streets and gardens are full of people, and the country all around is alive with persons from the city, riding or walking and taking relaxation. The

military reviews, balloon ascensions—and indeed the most general public festivities take, place on Sundays.

When Louis Napoleon, the present Emperor, had fully established himself, he made the 15th of August, which is the birth-day of the Great Napoleon, a grand national holiday. As we witnessed one of these celebrations, I must give an account of it; for nothing can furnish a better idea of Paris and the Parisians.

It must be understood that in France the government undertakes, not only to make laws for the people, and to defend them against the enemies of the country, but it also undertakes to amuse them. In our country the people are left to amuse themselves, but in France the government seems to regard the people as a great family of children who do not know how to take care of themselves, and who must therefore be taken care of.

Such has been the state of things for many centuries in France, and so the people are in the habit of looking to the government, like children to their nurses and parents. The government takes charge of the theatres and of the dancing halls; it regulates

all the public eating and drinking places; like a good papa, it professes to look out and see that there is a supply of bread for the family, and it fixes the price at which it is sold; it gets up fire-works, balloon ascensions, pantomimes, sham fights, and other festivities to please and to gratify this great nation of children.

Now it is obvious that this is very different from our system in America. With us the people are not regarded as children. The government is the servant of the people, the people are not the servants of the government. The people are supposed to be capable of taking care of themselves, and not to require to be taken care of. Still the people of France have a perfect right to adopt what system they please, and I am not going to reproach them for choosing one that differs so essentially from our own. Nevertheless it is quite proper to remark here, that in spite of the care taken of the people by the government, there is always a great deal of poverty and misery in France. In Paris there are many thousands who cannot get even bread enough to eat, who cannot get comfortable clothing, who cannot get comfortable shelter. All over this country there are persons, to the number of millions, who, from the

beginning to the end of their existence, are miserable on account of their poverty.

Indeed many thousands die every year from want, and the evils that want brings upon them. It seems therefore that the government does not accomplish what it undertakes to do: it does not furnish the whole family of the nation, even with bread, and clothing, and shelter; and hence it is that every little while, we see the family revolting against the parents; or in other words, the people become desperate from their miseries, and break out in revolution, and overturn the government and exercise their vengeance upon those who have administered it. When this is done, some other persons undertake to govern them, and the people submit, like children, until the abuses are so great as not to be endured, when they again resort to rebellion and revolution.

This preface is necessary in order to explain what I have already said, and what I am going to say. The government annually expends a million of francs, or two hundred thousand dollars, in the Napoleon fete alone, and the people seem to think it well laid out. For two or three days previous to the occasion—that is while the preparations for

the fireworks, and the illumination, and the sham fight, and the boat races, were going forward—the scenes of these operations were full of men, women and children, looking on with eager eyes and fond anticipations. All over the city indeed, the streets were crowded with the old and young, talking of the coming fete like a parcel of girls and boys. When at last the time did arrive, — the whole population of the towns around Paris and of Paris itself, seemed poured forth into the streets, anxious to enjoy the sport.

As early as six o'clock in the morning, a heavy firing of cannon was heard, and Ike and Izzy, who took a lively interest in what was going on, rapped at my door, and I was forced to get up. It was charming weather—clear, yet cool for a midsummer day. Having taken a light breakfast, we sallied forth. On going to the Place de la Concorde, we found hundreds of workmen employed in erecting frame-works for the illumination. It was all the same, the whole length of the Champs Elysées, in the garden of the Tuileries and in many other places. In front of the Chamber of Deputies a towering structure was reared for the display of the fireworks.

The streets were already filling with people, curious to witness the progress of these preparations. At the same time many thousands were in the churches at their devotions; for the 15th of August is not only the *Fête Napoléon*, but it is also a famous anniversary in the Catholic Church; it being said that the Virgin Mary made a miraculous ascent into heaven on that day, and hence it is noticed in a religious manner under the name of Assumption day. It is to be observed that the holidays of the French people, such as the sabbath and the saints' days, as I have before intimated, are also *fete days;* and so they go to church a little while in the morning and devote themselves to amusement the rest of the day. I believe it is much the same in all Catholic countries.

By one o'clock, immense crowds were moving in dense masses towards the Champ de Mars, or field of Mars. This is a beautiful, level plain about half a mile square, and devoted to military exercises. It lies on the south side of the Seine, and in the western part of the city. All the heights around were now crowded with people; even the trees bordering the field were loaded with men and boys.

On one edge of this vast plain was a construction which represented a city surrounded by walls and defended by forts. This was so admirably managed as to appear like the city of Silistria, in the Turkish dominions, which had just been attacked by the Russians. In the foreground there were ramparts and bastions, blackened by smoke and shattered by cannon balls and other destructive weapons of war. In the distance, were visible the tall spires and minarets of a Turkish town.

On the present occasion there was to be a representation of the attack on this place, by the Russians, and their repulse by the Turks within the forts. When all was ready, the attack began. The peasants around were first seen running to the forts to escape from the Russians, who were advancing. Then the Turkish soldiers were seen at their walls and parapets, making preparations for the defence. Then came a large body of Russian soldiers who began their fire of muskets and cannon, upon the fortifications.

Other bodies of Russians advanced until the whole foreground was one mass of troops, blazing away at the enemy. Finally, with one dreadful impulse,

they rushed in a body upon the fort and attempted to capture it.

But the Turks were on the alert; they returned the fire of the Russians; they stood to their guns, and though many were slain, others were ready to take their places. Terrible was the assault, but still more terrible was the defence! At last the Turks opened their gates and with furious energy rushed out upon the Russians. Their course was irresistible. The Russians at first wavered, then stood and finally they fled. Then they were pursued and cut down by the Turks, and thus the town was saved. The whole was so managed as to appear like a reality. The fire of the guns was tremendous : the earth trembled with the shock, and the scene at intervals was wrapped in thick masses of smoke. Thousands of spectators added their cries of delight, and even Ike and Izzy were so far carried away by the general enthusiasm as to cry, "Hurrah!" with all their might.

The first part of this warlike pantomime began at two o'clock and continued for near an hour. At four o'clock the second part took place. During the performances, small balloons were sent into the air,

THE DANCING DOGS.

each with the French flag, and named after some ship in the allied navies. Several hundred of these were thus set off. Between the acts, there were exhibitions of rope-dancing, balancing and feats of strength and agility, all of which greatly delighted the spectators. During one interval, M. Godard, the famous aeronaut, accompanied by three women fancifully attired so as to represent France, England and Turkey, made an ascent in a magnificent balloon, one hundred and twenty five feet in diameter!

One might have thought all Paris was at the Champ de Mars, but it was not so. While the pantomime there, was going on, immenses masses of people were along the quays witnessing boat races upon the river, and many thousands were at the theatres, fifteen of which were gratuitously open from two to four o'clock, to the public, the performers being the most celebrated in France. And beside all these grand entertainments provided by the government — through the Champs Elysées, at the Place de la Bastille and at various other points, there were ballad singers, rope-dancers, jugglers, whirligigs, puppet-shows, giants and giantesses, learned seals, educated dogs, funny monkeys

and droll raccoons, with other exhibitions, belonging to private adventurers, without number. And while so many thousands were being intoxicated with these excitements, the gardens of the Tuileries and of the Luxembourg, the Boulevards in their length and breadth, the inexhaustible galleries of the Louvre, and the still more interesting galleries of the Luxembourg, were crowded with more tranquil, but not less happy devotees of pleasure.

So passed the day; but the evening was to exhibit the most wonderful parts of the celebration. My two companions had gone home at six o'clock, quite fagged out; but having taken some dinner, they revived, and at eight o'clock we again went forth. On arriving at the Place de la Concorde, the scene was indeed like enchantment. No words can give an idea of the effect of the illumination. On the side formed by the lofty terrace of the gardens of the Tuileries, there seemed the front of a vast Moorish palace, made of precious stones, diamonds, emeralds and rubies, beaming with fire. On the other side there were similar constructions; but on turning our eyes to the grand avenue of the Champs Elysées, these wonders sank into insignificance. On both sides

of this broad square and extending for half a mile, was one continuous range of arcades resting upon double columns and embellished with lamps of white, green, gold and crimson—arranged so as to heighten the magical effect. It seemed indeed like a mighty hall, such as the imagination only can create: a palace of light, built in the bosom of darkness and embellished with myriads of gems, trembling and undulating as if the scene itself palpitated with life.

Looking through this stupendous and starry avenue, the eye rested upon a celestial hemisphere studded with golden stars, and surmounted by an eagle spreading its wings as if for a flight into the sky. This representation in fire of various hues, was at the Rond Point, half way to the Arch of Triumph. Beyond this and extending to the arch, were ranges of illuminated columns producing the most pleasing effect.

And now let it be remembered that all through the vast space of the Place de la Concorde and through the Champs Elysées, nearly a mile in length, there was one moving mass of men, women and children, all filled with delight, yet entirely without confusion and without accident. There was no vio-

lence, no rudeness, no pushing, no crushing. There were no drunken people, no vulgar and brutal persons seeking to distinguish themselves by annoying others; all was cheerful, easy, regulated delight. I often saw whole families together, the father, mother and children, — the latter of various ages, even to the infant of a year old. In many instances I saw a man with two children on his shoulders, lifting them over the heads of crowds so that they might see the show. Alas! — thought I — how different would be the conduct of a crowd at New York, on a similar occasion!

While we were enjoying these curious displays of taste, we saw the signal rocket that announced the commencement of the fireworks. There was now a general movement toward the Place de la Concorde, which faces the Chamber of Deputies where the display was to take place. This square, as well as the Terrace of the Garden of the Tuileries, the eastern quay of the river, the windows of the houses in the vicinity, the trees of the Champs Elysées, and the heights of Chaillot and Passy were all densely crowded with people. Suddenly, when all were waiting and looking at the dark space in

which they knew the fireworks were to appear, a shower of rockets rose in the air opposite the Chamber of Deputies, and burst into stars of every colour in the rainbow. No sooner had they disappeared than flights of Roman candles, serpents and other specimens of pyrotechnic art were exhibited for several minutes, until the time arrived for lighting up the grand display of the evening. This was an exact representation of what the Louvre will be, when completed. In front of the mimic palace stood an equestrian statue of the Emperor Napoleon I, having on either side, immense allegorical figures of War and Peace, flanked by columns surmounted by an eagle with wings expanded. The appearance of this piece when fully lighted, was grand beyond description, and drew forth the most rapturous applause. Then followed a succession of rockets, some ascending straight into the heavens like arrows, some screwing their way upward like serpents, and all seeming to fill the sky with crushed stars of the most glowing tints. The eye was almost fatigued with the variety, the beauty, the splendor of these gorgeous displays. At last a gush of rockets of a golden hue were sent up, seeming like a mighty wheaten sheaf,

yet still of fire, standing in the heavens. Then, in another place, came another sheaf and finally a vast bouquet, inundating the whole canopy with a flood of falling stars, seeming to be made of melted diamonds, rubies, emeralds and sapphires! This closed the scene; but I must not omit to say that during the exhibition there was a continual discharge of cannon, which shook the air and seemed to give a sort of solemn grandeur to the performances.

I must add that at various points of the city, fireworks were let off at the same time as those we have described; while many public, as well as some private houses, were also illuminated.

The Hôtel de Ville, which, during the day, had been dressed out with flags and other ornaments, was at night one blaze of light, its front having an illumination in gas, representing the French line-of-battle ship—the Ville de Paris. The column in the Place Vendôme, the railings of which were, during the day, ornamented with innumerable bouquets of flowers, was illuminated at its base in the evening.

CHAPTER XIV.

Learned men in Paris. — The Institute. — Leverrier. — The Galleries of the Louvre. —The Luxembourg. — Public buildings. — The Madeleine. — The Bourse. — Notre Dame. — The Hotel de Ville. — Horace Vernet. — Ducorny.

From what we have said about Paris, it might be imagined that the people there are wholly devoted to pleasure and amusement. It is a common idea that the French are a gay, thoughtless, and frivolous people. But there are many things in Paris which teach us that this is not wholly true.

The learned men of this city are among the most celebrated in the world. There is an establishment called the *Institute*, which includes several hundred persons, devoted to science. Some of these men spend their time in studying into the nature of bugs and butterflies, some study plants, some animals, some geography, some geology, and some astronomy. Some are devoted to the study of history, some to philosophy, some to mechanics—some to one thing, and some to another.

If you go to the Institute, and see these men togeth-

er, you will find them a grave, serious, and deep-thinking set of persons, whose works are instructing the whole world. No city can boast of so great a number of truly scientific men, as Paris. They pursue their studies with great ardor; and, if they make any great discovery, the French people are sure to reward them with applause. Even if the French are a gay people, they have a great admiration of genius and talent. With them, a man of science or learning is a much greater man than one who is merely rich.

A pleasing evidence of this has recently been furnished. A young man, by the name of Leverrier, devoted himself to the study of the stars. One of the planets, called *Uranus*, had been observed by astronomers to have an irregular movement in performing its circuit around the sun. This deviation was discovered by means of telescopes; for the planet is eighteen hundred millions of miles from us, and it is hardly to be seen by the naked eye.

The irregularities of this planet were attributed to the attraction of another planet, which had not yet been discovered. Astronomers had found out the size of Uranus, and the density, or weight, of the matter of which it is composed. They had also

discovered its distance from the sun and the other planets of our system. Taking all these facts into view, Leverrier sat himself down to see if he could discover, by calculation, where the planet must be to cause Uranus thus to deviate from its track. For years he devoted himself to this curious and difficult task. Night and day found him at his calculations. He did not go forth to look into the heavens to find the planet by gazing at the stars. It was in his room, by mathematical figures, by the power of the mind alone, that he sought to solve the mighty question.

It will be observed that he had to calculate the force with which the sun attracted Uranus, and Uranus attracted the sun in return. He must also take into consideration the attractive influence of all the other planets. In order to do this, he must know the precise amount of matter in each of these bodies, and he must know their distance from each other. All his calculations must be exact. Any error would be fatal to his process. He must know one thing more, and that is, the precise extent of the deviations of Uranus rom ts proper orbit.

Combining all these elements in his computations,

he must then proceed to determine the precise point in the heavens where the disturbing planet should be. The result produced a thrill of admiration throughout the world. Leverrier came to the conclusion, that, at a particular point in the heavens, thirty-five hundred millions of miles from us, the new world would be found. He had calculated its size, and determined that it would appear like a star of the eighth magnitude, and was therefore invisible to the naked eye. He directed an astronomer to point his telescope to a particular place; and there, indeed, hitherto hidden from human observation and human knowledge, was the mysterious planet! The young discoverer now became one of the curiosities of Paris; and when he walked the streets, the people looked at him with admiration, and said, "That is Leverrier!" The rich man passes by unheeded, but the man of genius is an object of respect and admiration in this gay metropolis.

Beside the institutions of a scientific nature, there are many which are devoted to the fine arts. The palace of the Louvre, which is an immense edifice, is filled with pictures and statues. One of the galleries is a quarter of a mile in length, and both sides are

hung with paintings, some of which are of immense value. There are also vast collections of engravings, drawings, statues, curiosities of art, and relics of antiquity in the Louvre. The collection of Egyptian antiquities is most interesting, and the remains of ancient buildings and sculpture, from Nineveh, fill the mind with wonder.

The palace of the Luxembourg, which is famous for its delightful gardens, has a gallery of modern paintings, many of which are exceedingly beautiful and interesting. Ike and Izzy were never tired of gazing at these admirable pictures.

If I were to speak of public buildings, merely in respect to their architecture, I should hardly know where to stop. The *Madeleine* I have already described, and to my eye it is the finest edifice in Paris. The *Bourse*, or Exchange, is in a similar style, the vast roof being supported by a range of pillars extending quite around the building. The old church of Notre Dame, standing on the little island in the Seine, is in the Gothic style. It is a vast structure, and when you enter it, the pillars and arches seem

to rise before you, as if you were in a forest, the trees of which were made of stone.

The Hotel de Ville is an immense edifice, and has some of the most splendid rooms to be found in any building of Europe. They are in fact superior to what is found in the palaces of most kings. I could not but be amused and interested to see the admiration excited in the minds of my young friends by this wonderful building.

But it is vain to undertake to describe the buildings of Paris. One must see them to understand them.

I have spoken of the men of science and the works of art in this great city. It may well be believed that where there are so many fine specimens of painting, sculpture, and architecture, there must be many artists. This is quite true. There are many hundreds, and some have great fame. The most celebrated painter is Horace Vernet, who now only paints pictures for the Emperor. Oh, it is wonderful to see what splendid horses, and what animated groups of men, he puts upon the canvas. His finest paintings are at the palace of Versailles, about fifteen miles from Paris. This palace is worth a trip across the At-

lantic to see; but Horace Vernet's paintings are worth ten times as much.

Though Horace Vernet is the most celebrated painter of France, and perhaps the first in the world, there is another in whom my young companions were even more interested. This is poor Ducorny. He is a painter, and a very clever one; yet he has neither hands, arms, nor legs! How, then, can he wield the pencil? He has two little feet, and with one of these he handles his brush as skilfully as if he had fingers. It is amazing to see him. He executes large historical subjects, six and even eight feet square. He has a large machine, upon which he is raised and lowered and trundled about. He has a fine head, but a little bit of a body. He is a man of sense, and is always cheerful. He converses freely, shrugs his shoulders, and flourishes his foot, as another would wave his hand.

His father carries him about, and has always done so. He also feeds him and takes care of him as if he were a child. He is very old now, and poor Ducorny sometimes weeps to think what his situation will be when his father is dead!

Besides the painters, sculptors, and architects of

Paris, there are many famous musicians. The French seem, indeed, to have a lively feeling of the beautiful in all things, and a quick sensibility to appreciate every excellence in art.

It is this sensibility, this appreciation on the part of the people, which stimulates the artists, and cheers them on to excellence. Such an excitement is better than money; for when a man finds that the world is delighted with his productions, he will put forth his best efforts to attain higher and still higher excellence.

CHAPTER XV.

Père Lachaise. — The Catacombs. — Bicêtre. — The brother of Louis XVI.— The Invalides. — Napoleon's monument. — The deaf and dumb.

I have spoken of some of the gayer scenes of Paris. Let us turn aside a few moments, and contemplate one of a more serious character. In the eastern part of the city, just without the wall, is the cemetery, or burial-ground, of Pere La Chaise. The street by which you enter this consists almost wholly

of the shops of stone-cutters, whose doors and windows are filled with grave-stones. Women are sitting at the doors, with bundles of wreaths to sell, for the purpose of decorating the tombs in the cemetery. These are chiefly made of the yellow flower which we call "everlasting;" they give it the name of *immortelle*. The wreaths are generally circular, but they are often wrought in the form of a cross, and the flowers are sometimes colored black.

As you pass along the street, an idea that has hardly occured to you before, is forced upon the mind. In the gardens, streets, and promenades of Paris, you see such constant activity and life, that one forgets that there is such a thing as death. Can these gay Parisians die? I had never put to myself such a question. It would seem that every thing is done to keep the idea of our mortality out of view. But still death is as busy here as elsewhere. Every day, and many times a day, the black hearse passes along this street of tombs into Pere La Chaise, the City of the dead. The gayest butterflies in the Elysian Fields and the Gardens of the Tuileries, must be arrested in their course, and take their place in

the tomb. There is no respite; death shows no favor. Soon or late, every one must be his victim.

The cemetery is evidence of this. Its extent is one hundred acres, and this vast surface is covered with graves. These are of every form, some humble and some costly. It is said that the stones of which these tombs are composed would build a city sufficient for forty thousand people!

The cemetery occupies a steep declivity. It is laid out with various avenues, and the greater part of it seems so covered over with graves, as not to admit another.

Some of the monuments are very costly, and many are inscribed with names familiar to every ear. Here sleep generals who were famous in Bonaparte's wars, and men distinguished in the French revolution. Here is the resting-place of orators and statesmen, poets and philosophers. Artists, citizens, soldiers,—all are represented in this region of death.

The peculiar characteristics of the French people are strongly displayed, even in this mournful place. Their love of show is evinced by the sumptuousness of these monuments. Their sentimental turn is often displayed by the tender and touching inscriptions

on the tomb-stones. Their disposition to throw a cheerful light upon every thing, even the grave, is shown by groups of living flowers planted by the tombs, or bouquets frequently renewed, which are hung upon them. The affection of friends, continued even to the dead, is manifested by offerings of flowers or funeral wreaths, placed at the door of the tomb. It would seem that the living hardly believe in death; and, by emblems and mementos, seek to keep up a communion with those who are deposited in the tomb.

There are other cemeteries in Paris, but this is the most beautiful and the most celebrated. At least ten thousand persons die, every year, in Paris; and, though there are a million living, it is easy to see that there are many millions more, around them, who are dead. There is beneath the city a vast cavern, called the Catacombs. It was formed by taking out stone from quarries, for the purpose of building houses. This place has long streets corresponding to those above them. Here the bones of the dead, being taken out of the graveyards, were set up in regular order. The place is closed, and it is rare that a person is permitted to descend into these grisly regions.

But while we were in Paris, a young man, whom we knew, descended into the Catacombs, and gave us an account of them. He said that the skeletons were taken apart, and assorted like goods upon a shopkeeper's shelves. In one place there would be a row of skulls, then of the bones of the leg, and then of the arm. These amounted to millions. What a feeling does the idea of such a place excite in the mind! There is something ridiculous in it, even in the midst of its horror. It is a thing altogether French, and nothing of the kind could be found in any other place than Paris.

There are many institutions in Paris which bespeak a kind and parental care on the part of government. There are hospitals for the sick and wounded, and here the poor may have the best attentions without money and without price. A little out of the city is an asylum for the insane, at Bicêtre, a word made out of *Winchester*, a bishop of that name having built a chateau here, several hundred years ago. In this hospital there are eight hundred lunatics and idiots, who receive every kindness and attention that humanity can devise

When we visited this place, our little party were

much interested in one of the inmates, who came to us, and, finding we were Americans, spoke to us in English. He declared he was not insane, and, to prove this, he took several books from his pocket, which were in various languages. One was in Greek, one in Hebrew, and another in Arabic. He seemed to read them with accuracy and facility. He spoke of America, and seemed to be well acquainted with the country. "And now," said he, "can I be insane? Can a crazy man have such knowledge? Can a deranged intellect interpret strange languages, and combine exact trains of thought? No! no! it is sheer oppression that keeps me here. It is a conspiracy on the part of the government. They know who I am, and they fear me. I am a brother of the murdered Louis XVI! My veins are filled with royal blood. The crown of France is my lawful inheritance, and these conspirators know it. Providence has interposed in my behalf. Miracles have been sent to attest my claims and character. My image has been multiplied around the whole circle of the horizon; but, alas! my hard-hearted oppressors cannot be softened, even by the admonitions of Heaven!"

One of the most celebrated charitable institutions

of Paris is the Hospital of the Invalides, a magnificent edifice, where worn-out old soldiers are taken care of by the government. They are very comfortable, though many of them are shattered by wounds received in battle. Some get about with canes; some have but one arm or one leg, and some have none. A good many of these gray, weather-beaten men are the brave fellows who fought under Bonaparte. Their leader is in the midst of them, for his body is buried in the chapel which belongs to the Hospital.

A monument has been created to his memory here, which is the most splendid of the kind in the world. Every person who comes to Paris should visit it. Yet despite the magnificence which surrounds him,

> "He sleeps his last sleep;
> He has fought his last battle;
> No sound can awake him
> To glory again!"

Paris has also hospitals for the blind, and for the deaf and dumb. It has one for old men, and one for old women. The latter are interesting, yet the impression they make upon the mind is painful.

In the sick-room of one of these establishments I saw a considerable number of persons, and among them several who seemed to be passing out of existence like a waning lamp. They had no disease, and were dying only because the vital principle was exhausted!

CHAPTER XVI.

The Garden of Plants. — The cedar of Lebanon. — The bears. — The elephants. — The giraffe. — Cuvier and comparative anatomy.

There is one establishment in Paris, which deserves a prominent place in these Walks and Talks, for it is peculiarly characteristic of the city. This is the Garden of Plants, an institution which combines science and pleasure; which may instruct the humblest mind, as well as that of the most learned philosopher, and which, though it is fitted up with great beauty, labor, and expense, is still open to every body. Where is there another city in which there are public establishments like this!

The Garden of Plants lies in the eastern part of

Paris, near the Seine. It is devoted to two grand objects — a Botanical Department, in which an immense variety of curious plants, gathered from the four quarters of the world, are cultivated, and a Zoological Department, consisting of a variety of curious animals from different countries, together with a great collection of objects designed to illustrate different branches of natural history.

When you hear of a botanical garden, or a collection of birds and beasts, you hardly expect to see great beauty of scenery and nicety of arrangement. But when you enter these gardens, you are surprised at the elegance of the grounds. In the first place, you ascend a hill by a winding pathway, and, on arriving at the top, you have a superb view of Paris. On the side of the hill is a magnificent cedar of Lebanon, the sight of which carries the mind to Palestine, and fills it with pleasing associations. Some years ago, a rumor got abroad in Paris, that this tree was to be cut down. The whole city seemed moved with a sentiment of veneration for the tree. It was not only beautiful, but its story was interesting. Many years ago, a traveller in the East plucked up a little shrub on the mountain of Lebanon, and brought it

to Paris. He had a weary journey. He was once shipwrecked, but still clung to the little tree. On board ship, he was put upon a short allowance of water; but, thirsty as he was, he saved one half for the little cedar. He brought it to Paris; it was set out in the Garden of Plants, and there it flourishes, an object of interest to every beholder!

Those who are curious in plants may spend days, weeks, and even years, in this wonderful garden, constantly finding something new. But I suppose my readers will prefer to hear about the animals. Oh, what a collection! and where shall I begin to describe them?

Shall I tell about the bears, gray, brown, and black, that are kept in deep pits with high walls around? What fun the children have in seeing these great lubberly fellows roll and tumble about, stand upon their hind legs, and lie flat on their backs, just for the sake of getting a piece of cake! These creatures look innocent enough; but, some years ago, a sailor, who ventured in among them, got an awful hugging. On another occasion, a soldier, by chance, dropped a five franc piece into the pit, and

descended to pick it up, when one of the bears seized him and killed him.

There was among the collection a hippopotamus, which had a strange mixture of drollery and solemnity in his appearance. He was young and had only acquired half his size; but he was larger than the biggest hog. He had a head like a prodigious calf and a body like a swine. He was almost wholly destitute of hair, and really appeared as if he had been scalded and his hair taken off. He seemed a good natured, innocent creature, wondering where he was, who he was, and what he was made for.

I could tell you of the elephants that have a little pond, where they bathe themselves and roll about, looking like huge hogsheads nearly covered with water. I could tell you of the giraffe, which is a strange mixture of beauty and deformity—of the graceful and grotesque. It seems to swing round its long neck, as if it were a pole, used just for the purpose of poking its little head about, hither and thither. Its skin is beautiful—a fawn color, marked with black spots. Its countenance bears a gentle but melancholy expression. When it walks, it has such a swinging, dipping, wagging movement, that you

cannot fail to laugh outright. It really looks like a creature formed partly of a horse and partly of an antelope. It is a docile animal, and will take a biscuit from your hand, winding around it a long, black tongue, that looks like an eel.

My young companions were delighted with every thing in the Garden of Plants; but I think the giraffe pleased them most of all. Izzy was so much interested in it, that before we left Paris we visited it a second time.

I cannot stay to tell you of the lions and hyenas, the bisons and buffaloes, the jaguars, and cougars, and I know not what else, collected in this wonderful menagerie. I cannot even stop to tell you of the monkeys, who have a magnificent edifice all to themselves, and who are great favorites with the boys and girls, partly because they resemble boys, and girls so much. Izzy was rather disgusted with them; but it seemed as if Ike would crack his sides with laughing at their fantastic gambols. One old ape who mounted a tree and rang a bell furiously, and then scampered away, seemed especially to excite his mirth.

It is impossible even to name all the animals in such a vast collection. I must omit the birds which

are divided according to their nature and habits; I must pass by the enormous serpents, the huge crocodiles, the interesting family of lizards. Indeed I have not space to describe the collection of bones to be seen here, which have been dug out of the earth in various parts of the world, and arranged by the famous Mr. Cuvier, in such a manner as to throw the most interesting light on creatures which existed on the earth, even before the creation of the present races of animals. Cuvier laid the foundation of a new and wonderful science, — that of fossil remains. By means of these, whole generations of antediluvian animals have been arranged in scientific order, and thus we know nearly as well what animals existed before the creation of the present order of things as we do those which exist at present. Whoever visits Paris should see and study this wonderful museum.

But, however I pass by other things, I must notice a panther which we saw in the collection, and which greatly interested both Ike and Izzy. This was really a most beautiful animal with a dark, yellowish skin, marked with black spots. Both had once read a story of a poor negro woman in Africa, who

Typ. Ernest Meyer.

THE GIRAFFE AT THE GARDEN OF PLANTS.

wandered about a long time, attended by one of these animals.

CHAPTER XVII.

The story of Lariboo and the Panther.

The day after our visit to the Garden of Plants, my young friends talked a great deal of what they had seen there. Ike was eloquent on the bears and the monkeys; Izzy discoursed on the gazelles, on the golden pheasants and the giraffe. At last she remembered the panther, and then she got her book and read me the story of Lariboo. As she knew I was going to put our travels in print, she made me promise to insert this narrative. As it is a very good story, I shall no doubt be forgiven if I keep my word. The tale is as follows *:

Lariboo, the heroine of my story, lived in the country of the Tibboos, which lies east of the

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* This story is given, with some alterations, from the Juvenile Miscellany.

Great Desert of Sahara. A large part of the country is a desert; and the soil is so salt, that in many places it is cracked open; and in the cavities are suspended beautiful crystals of that mineral, like the delicate frost-work we see on the windows in a cold winter morning. But Lariboo lived in one of those little green spots called *oases*. This verdant valley was well watered by springs. There were plenty of the delicate berries of the suag shrub; the creeping vines of the colocynth bore an abundance of blossoms; and the kossom, with its red flowers, looked as gay as a May-day queen. Small herds of gracefull gazelles fed in this pretty retreat; the faithful domestic camels might be seen in hundreds, reclining at their ease, or patiently carrying their load of salt to the market of Mourzook; and beautiful bright birds darted about like rays of the sun, filling the air with their cheerful songs.

I suppose you will think Lariboo might have been very happy in this lovely valley; and indeed she was very happy. True, her daintiest food was camel's milk, and a little ground millet; and she lived in a small mud hut, which we should hardly think good enough for the cows.

But happiness does not consist in outward things. It is better to live in a mud hut, with a good heart and a cheerful disposition, than to live in a palace discontented and unamiable.

Lariboo was of an affectionate disposition, and she had enough to love. She had a good husband, and a little baby that she thought very pretty, though it had a bit of coral stuck in its ears, and wool that curled all over its head; and there were two very beautiful gazelles, that came every day to feed out of her hand, and share her calabash of camel's milk. The Tibboos are a merry, good-natured race, extravagantly food of singing and dancing, and in this respect Lariboo was like the rest of her countrymen.

It is singular that the Tibboos should be so merry and thoughtless; for they are constantly exposed to danger. West of their country live a fierce and terrible tribe of blacks, called the Tuaricks. They hate the Tibboos; and once or twice a year they come down among them, to kill and carry into slavery every one they meet. The Tibboos are very much afraid of them; and when they hear them coming, as many of them as can, hide themselves, or run away among

the steep rocks, from the flat surface of which they hurl stones and spears at their enemies. These Tuaricks are a wandering race of shepherds and robbers, who think it is very disgraceful to live in houses and cultivate the ground.

One day, when Lariboo was out in the fields, picking suag berries, and talking to her baby who was tied at her back and lay peeping its little black eyes over her shoulder, she heard the cry, "The Tuaricks are coming! The Tuaricks are coming!" She ran as fast as she could to hide among the rocks; but the Tuaricks caught her, and carried her off, to sell her for a slave.

A great many others were killed and taken prisoners. In the hurry and confusion of the fight, Lariboo could not get a sight of her husband; and she did not know whether he was dead or alive.

The poor woman sobbed as if her heart would break; but the savage Tuaricks did not pity her. They drove the Tibboo prisoners along before their camels, and if they did not go as fast as they wished, they whipped them cruelly. Day after day they continued their wearisome journey, without any hope of escape from their cruel captors The Tuaricks

had heard of a large caravan of Arabs encamped near Bornou, and thither they intended to carry their prisoners and sell them. Sometimes they passed through little verdant valleys; but in general their route lay through barren deserts, with nothing to relieve the dreariness of the scene, but here and there a black rock, that reared its gloomy head above the heaving sand. This sand, put in motion by the wind, forms high, perpendicular hills, in the course of a single night. The camels are made to slide down these drifts, in which operation they can only be kept steady by the driver's hanging with all his weight on the tail; otherwise, they would tumble forward, and throw the load over their heads.

Every few miles there were skeletons of poor negroes that had been left in the desert to die, when there was not food enough for them and their masters. Near springs of water, they several times saw fifty or sixty dead bodies lying together, unburied. The bones were very brittle owing to the heat, and as the camels of the Tuaricks passed along, they would crack them into fragments beneath their feet.

Poor Lariboo thought this would be her fate. Many of her countrymen had died on the way; and before she had been a fortnight in the desert, the sufferings she underwent from hunger and thirst, made her extremely weak and dizzy. One day she begged to rest a little, for she was so weary and lame she could not keep up with the camels. The Tuaricks snatched her baby from her, and threw it on the hot sand, telling her she would not be so tired when she had no load to carry. The wretched mother shrieked and screamed, and begged to have her child again; but the more she wept and sobbed, the harder they beat her. Sick, lame, weary, and heart-broken, as she was, she was obliged to keep up with the camels, and leave her baby to die.

The mournful wailings of the child, as the savages threw it on the sand, sounded in her ears all day long; and she hoped that she, too, might soon be left to perish in the wilderness. Toward night the Tuaricks were terrified by the sight of several prodigious pilars of sand moving across the desert, sometimes with majestic slowness, and sometimes with incredible swiftness. These pillars are scooped up and kept in motion by the wind. They are

sometimes so high that their tops are lost in the clouds. Sometimes they break suddenly in the middle, and fall; at other times they seem to melt away in the distance disappear and like vapor.

The Tuaricks watched the moving pillars with great anxiety, as they came rapidly toward them. There was no use in attempting to escape; for the swiftest Arabian horse could not have kept out of their way. The poor Tibboo prisoners looked on the approaching destruction without any additional feelings of despair; they were weary of life, and they thought it would be better to be buried in the sand, than to be sold to the Arabs for slaves. Poor Lariboo was even afraid the pillars would disperse before they reached her. "I shall be at peace beneath the sand," thought she; "and perhaps the same wind that buries me in the desert, will cover the body of my poor baby." The stupendous pillars came sweeping on; they approached nearer, and at last rushed upon the travellers, burying dozens of them in their rapid course.

Lariboo with the rest, was overwhelmed; but it chanced that the sand rested lightly on her face, so that she had the power of breathing. The force

of her fall, however, stunned her, and rendered her insensible; the Tuaricks, thinking her dead, left her where she lay. How long she remained insensible, she knew not. When she recovered consciousness, the painful glare of the midday sun had given place to the quiet and beauty of evening. The motion of the blowing sand sounded, in the deep stillness, like the murmuring of a mighty river; the moon and stars shed a soft, clear light from the cloudless heaven; and the breeze swept along with refreshing coolness.

When Lariboo first recovered her senses, she did not realize where she was. She tried to rise, but found herself kept down by a load of sand. She looked around her: all was calm and bright in that wide desert, which, like the ocean, seemed to stretch its flat surface almost to infinity. And all was still—so very still! not a bird, not an insect, broke the deep repose—and Lariboo was all alone in that barren wilderness!

Her first sensation was of joy that she had escaped from the power of the Tuaricks; but the next moment she was filled with fear. She remembered that she was without food, and many days' jouryen

any human habitation. Then came the thought of lions, and panthers, and — worst of all — hyenas. She knew that the last mentioned of these terrible creatures were always prowling about in the night, seeking for the dead, whom they often dug out from beneath the sand; and her heart sickened to think of her babe. She strained her eyes in every direction to see if danger was approaching; but nothing was in motion; the earth below was as still as the heavens above. By degrees, this profound quiet produced drowsiness; and Lariboo slept soundly and sweetly, forgetful of solitude, starvation, and terror.

She was awaked by the pitiless rays of the sun, shining full upon her, with the intolerable ardor of a tropical climate. With considerable exertion, she released herself from the sand under which she had been buried. The prospect around her was dreary and hopeless enough. As far as the eye could reach, in every direction, stretched an endless level of sand; its glassy fragments here and there sparkling in the sunshine like polished steel. Not a cloud floated in the dazzling sky; not a breeze stirred the surface of the desert; the earth and the heavens seemed on

fire; and where they met at the horizon, there appeared a fine glittering line of light, like the edge of a cimeter.

Lariboo's wish was to return to the spot where her babe had been thrown the day before; but it is extremely difficult to find one's way in the desert; the light sand is so easily blown about, that no tracks remain in it; and the high, steep hills, that are thrown up in one night, are scattered before the next. The only way in which she could guide her steps, was by observing the sun, and bearing in mind that the Tibboo country lay to the north.

All day long she pursued her journey with languid and weary steps; not a shrub or a fountain was to be seen; and she was dying with hunger and thirst. Had it not been for a faint hope of finding her babe alive, I believe she would have died before that miserable day ended. She passed several human skeletons; but she saw nothing of her poor little infant. The sun was setting when Lariboo, weeping bitterly, gave up all hopes of finding her child, and laid herself down on the sand to die. She had not remained many minutes, when a dark speck in the air attracted her attention, which, as it came nearer,

proved to be a gold-shafted cuckoo. The sight of this bird cheered her fainting heart. She knew that an oasis must be near; for birds never live in the desert, where there are no trees, berries, or insects. With something of renewed strength, she arose and pursued her journey to the westward, from which quarter the bird had first come upon her sight. She was not mistaken in her hopes. A little verdant spot soon appeared amid the waste, like a green island in the ocean. Here the almost famished traveller quenched her thirst at a little rill, and feasted upon berries. But, alas! this charming oasis made the mother's heart sad; for she was certain she had never seen it before; and by the same token she knew she was out of her path, and not likely to find the body of her child. However, she thought the poor little creature must, by that time, be out of its misery; and she tried not to weep because it had been taken away. Had Lariboo ever read the Word of God, it would have been a great consolation to her lonely heart; for then she would have known that her babe had gone to God, and that the holy angels would take care of it; but she had never read

the Bible; and she thought she should never see her babe in this world or another.

Having taken food and rested herself on the grass, Lariboo began to look around, to see what she could discover in her lonely stopping-place. A group of trees attracted her attention, and thither she directed her footsteps. The cool shade was very refreshing; and after having wandered all day long in the desert, without meeting a single living thing, even a solitary fly, it was a real delight to watch the bright birds fluttering about, and to hear the monkeys chattering, and throwing down nuts and boughs from the trees.

Lariboo, having found a little clump of date-trees on a rocky eminence, and plenty of berries, resolved to stay in this charming place, for a day or two, to recruit her strength. She put her arms round a date-tree, kissed it, and wept like a child : she had been so long accustomed to the burning sands of the desert, that a tree seemed to her like a long-lost friend. At a little distance from the date-trees, the wanderer discovered a grotto, or cave, formed by the rocks; and being very much fatigued, she entered it, and, stretched upon the cool earth, fell

into a profound sleep. It was past midnight when she awoke; and great fear came upon her heart when she heard the loud, powerful breathing of some animal near her. Was it a lion, a panther, a hyena, or the disgusting and fierce orang-outang? In vain she tried to conjecture from the sound of his breathing; and the cavern was so dark that she could distinguish nothing. Once or twice, indeed, as the moon glanced into the cave, she thought she discovered two great sparks of fire, which might be glaring eyes; but no motion was heard and she thought it might perhaps be imagination. She slept no more that night. At the least noise, the wool seemed to stand upright on her head with terror, and her eyes felt as if they were starting from their sockets. When the light of morning dawned, she discovered a huge panther lying near her. The creature slept with her head between his paws, as comfortably as an old house dog by the fireside. Lariboo's heart beat, as if it were flying from her body. She was afraid to move so as to make her escape, for she could not gain the entrance of the grotto without stepping over the body of the savage animal; and should she awake, Lariboo had little doubt of serving

her for a breakfast. She looked to see if she had lately taken food; and she felt somewhat encouraged to find her mouth and paws covered with blood. "She will not be so fierce if she is not hungry," thought Lariboo; "her stomach being already full, perhaps she will have the goodness not to eat me up, at present; and in the meanwhile I may escape." Then she thought of her infant exposed on the sand; and the blood on the panther's jaws made her head dizzy and her heart sick.

In the midst of her distress, she could not but admire the beauty of the animal. Her legs and throat were covered with pure white fur, extremely rich and soft; black circles, like velvet, formed pretty bracelets for her paws; her tail was white, with broad black rings; and the fur on the rest of her body was of a bright golden yellow, shaded with rich brown spots, like roses. The huge creature (larger than a large calf) lay stretched out in quiet majesty, her paws folded under her nose, and her smellers, like long silver threads, moving up and down, as she breathed in her deep slumber.

A Maltese cat, reposing upon an ottoman, could not have looked more graceful, and had it not been

for the intense fear with which Lariboo watched for the opening of her fiery eyes, I dare say she would have thought the panther much more beautiful than her favorite gazelles.

At last, the savage animal awoke. She stretched out her paws, shook herself, and washed her neck and her ears, as prettily as a little kitten. Lariboo's blood ran cold, and her heart seemed to drop down like lead. She did not dare to breathe. The panther was unconscious of the presence of her companion, until she turned her head to wash the fur on her glossy sides. She instantly stopped her operations, and fixed an earnest gaze upon the woman. Their eyes met. Extreme terror affects one like the nightmare. Lariboo felt as if she would give worlds to look away from the dreadful creature; but she could not. The panther came up to her, and put one paw on her arm—their eyes still fixed upon each other, as if neither had the power of looking elsewhere. Lariboo, with great boldness and presence of mind, put her hand up and stroked the smooth fur of the panther, patted her neck, and gently scratched her head—a motion which all animals like particularly well. The experiment succeeded. The

eyes of the panther gradually softened in expression; and at last she began to wag her tail, like a joyful dog, and to purr like a petted cat. Her purring, to be sure, had not much resemblance to the gentle sound puss makes when she is pleased; it was so deep and strong, that it sounded much more like a church-organ.

Lariboo was very glad to gain the friendship of her fearful companion. She redoubled her caresses, with the hope of saving her life. Still she had not much hope. "Her stomach is full, now," thought she; "but no doubt she will eat me up, when she is hungry."

In great anxiety, Lariboo arose and prepared to leave the cave. The panther made no opposition to her movements, but followed her like a dog. Having eaten a few dates for breakfast, she threw some to her companion; but she looked at them in cool contempt. As they walked along, they came to the group of trees where our traveller first rested when she arrived at the oasis. The monkeys made a great chattering at sight of the panther; and one, which was at a little distance, digging in the ground for worms, made great haste to scamper up the tree.

The panther caught sight of him, and at one bound seized him in her tremendous jaws.

Lariboo trembled as she heard the monkey's bones crack. "However," thought she, "I am safe for the present; but what will become of me when she is hungry, and can find no monkeys to eat?"

The panther, having finished her meal, put her bloody paws upon Lariboo's lap, and rubbed her head against her shoulders, as if asking for caresses. Terrible as the creature was, the negro woman really began to feel an affection for her, for love causes love; and when one is all alone in a wide desert, the company of a well-behaved panther is better than utter solitude.

For many hours Lariboo leisurely sauntered about, collecting dates, nuts, etc., by which she hoped to sustain life, while wandering through the desert. As she was thus employed, she heard the loud *cher, cher*, of the small cuckoo called the honey-guide.

Lariboo knew the sound well, for she had been used to hunting wild bees, and was expert at getting the honey. She followed the cuckoo until he stopped at an old tree, in the decayed trunk of which she found a wild bees' nest. Lariboo had a stout

battle with the bees, and, after she had killed them, she made a delicious dinner of the honey, taking care to leave enough for her little guide. This cuckoo is a cunning creature; he cannot kill the bees himself, but whenever he sees a human being, he begins to cry *cher*, *cher*, that they may follow him to the hive, and get the honey for him. There is a small gray-and-black animal, called a *ratel*, which follows the cry of the honey-guide, and digs up the nests of the wild bees with its long claws. The little cuckoo is sometimes called a *moroc*.

The panther never lost sight of her new friend. Sometimes she wandered away for a few minutes; but she soon came bounding back, rubbing against Lariboo, as if asking to have her head scratched. The negro deemed it safest to treat her with distinguished attention, and their friendship seemed to increase every minute. The panther looked on the taking of the bees' nest with great indifference. It was an affair she did not understand; and if she had, she would probably have had great contempt for those who loved honey better than raw monkeys.

Lariboo, having gathered her honey, sat down

beside a large thorn-bush to dine. The thorns on this bush were stuck quite full of locusts, beetles, and little birds. Some of them were all dried up, and others were still alive in their cruel prison. These creatures had been taken by the butcher-bird, which catches every insect and bird smaller than himself, and fastens them on thorns, that he may always have a dinner ready when he wants one.

As Lariboo sat eating her honey, the panther stretched herself out at her feet and watched her. At last, her eyes began to close; she was getting very drowsy. "Now is my time to escape," thought the negro; "as for going through the desert with such a bloody companion, it is out of the question. True, we are very good friends now; but hunger will make her dangerous."

When she thought the mighty animal was sound asleep, Lariboo stole softly and swiftly away. For nearly twenty minutes, she ran along as fast as her nimble feet would fly: she was just thinking she might safely pause to take breath, when she heard a great noise behind her. It was the panther, which came bounding over the ground, taking the enormous leaps peculiar to the animal! As she came up with

the negro, she seized hold of her cotton mantle with her teeth; but she did it with a gentle force, as if fearful of offending. Lariboo stooped down and patted her head, and the panther began to purr and wag her tail. The creature had taken a violent fancy to her friend; and it was plain enough that she had determined to be her travelling companion, whether she was wanted or not.

Lariboo, finding she could not escape, resolved to do her utmost to gain the affections of the animal, and trust to chance for the rest. The poor negro trusted to chance because she did not know of a God; but, though she knew it not, it was Divine Providence which guided and guarded her through the desert, in so wonderful a manner.

Having recruited her strength, our traveller resolved to leave the oasis the next evening. She preferred beginning her journey in the night, because it was so much cooler than the day; and she was in quite as much danger from wild beasts, whilst staying in the oasis, as she would be in the desert.

Having provided herself with as many nuts and dates as she could carry, she began her journey. The panther trotted along by her side, like a dog; some-

times leaping a great way ahead, and stopping until she came up — at other times jumping, and curveting, and rolling over in the sand, as if she were in a great frolic. It was a beautiful sight to see these two strange companions travelling along through the desert, where every thing else was so still. Not even the wings of a bird ruffled the air. The wide wilderness stretched out in every direction to the utmost verge of the horizon; and, as the breeze lightly played with the sand, it rippled and tossed like the gentle heaving of the ocean in a calm: the resemblance to the ocean was made still more strong by the glassy particles of sand, that glittered in the moonbeams, resembling sunshine on the water.

Toward morning, Lariboo lay down to take some rest before the sun arose to scorch every earthly thing with its burning face. The panther followed her example, resting her head upon the negro's feet. How long she had been asleep she knew not, when she was awaked by a tremendous yelling and roaring. She sprang on her feet, and perceived, by the light of the stars, that a monstrous striped hyena was fighting with the panther. The awful sight made her dizzy with fear; and she fell down

in a swoon. The blazing rays of the sun, falling on her eyes, aroused her to consciousness. The panther was standing over her, affectionately licking her face wiht her tongue. Her jaws were very bloody; and the bones of the hyena lay on the sand!

Lariboo caressed the faithful creature with enthusiasm. "The hyena would have devoured me, sleeping had it not been for you, my dear friend," she said; and she actually wept, as she rubbed her face fondly against her glossy fur.

All that day, they travelled without seeing any thing that had life. "It is lucky you had a hyena for breakfast," said Lariboo, as she patted the panther's head, "otherwise you might have taken a fancy to eat a negro."

The animal tasted no food that day of the succeeding one. She began to make a deep, mournful noise, particularly when the sun went down. Her eyes grew more fierce, and she was much less frolicsome. Lariboo did not dare to trust the creature's affection; she could sleep only by short and fitful snatches, so great was her fear. On the third day, the panther started forward with great eagerness. She was soon out of sight; and she did not return

during the whole day. Just as the sun was setting, however, Lariboo heard the tremendous cry of the animal, which she had really learned to love very heartily. The panther came bounding along, at her usual rate, springing high from the earth, and clearing the ground faster than the swiftest race-horse.

The meeting produced mutual joy. The panther lifted up her back, purred, rubbed against her friend, and seemed as if she would never be satisfied with caresses. Lariboo, on her part, was equally delighted to meet the creature that loved her so well.

In the utter loneliness and eternal monotony of the desert, it is impossible to describe the eager joy of the weary traveller, when he perceives any harmless living thing; even the flight of a little bird, far up in the clear atmosphere, is watched with the most intense delight.

Lariboo's happiness was not a little increased by perceiving that the panther's jaws were bloody. She began to believe that nothing short of absolute starvation would induce the fierce brute to make a meal of her.

I will not attempt to describe the whole of the

long journey through the desert; because one day was so much like another, that it would be telling the same thing over and over again.

It was more than a fortnight before the travellers entered the Tibboo country; during which time, they had met with two oases, at which Lariboo stopped to gather nuts and berries, and refresh herself with water. In one of these verdant spots, Lariboo had a great frolic with the monkeys; she pelted them with stones, and the imitative fools threw down nuts in return. Besides these verdant spots, they occasionally met a clump of date-trees, standing alone in the desert. These singular and valuable trees often grow in the parched soil of the desert, where all around is barren. Within the bark is a sweet, nourishing substance, called the *marrow* of the date-tree; the fruit is cool, juicy, and refreshing; the young leaves are very good food; and the old ones, when dried, are made into mats, baskets, etc. The branches are full of filaments, that are manufactured into ropes and coarse cloth. No wonder the Africans love the date-tree. The sight of them in the desert is particularly cheering; for they never grow where there is not a fountain of

water. How wonderfully has our Heavenly Father provided for the comfort of all his creatures!

The panther, much as she had been dreaded, proved an invaluable travelling companion. She was a friend by day, and a guard by night. Once, Lariboo fell into one of the deep ditches that the negro tribes dig in the desert for their enemies, and which, being covered with light sand, prove dangerous snares to the unwary traveller. The panther, seeing that she could not extricate herself, seized hold of her, as a cat does upon her kitten, and at one bound, placed her in safety.

The negro fared far better than the faithful brute, for she could live on very little food, and she carried her mantle full of dates and berries. She frequently offered to share her dinner with the panther, who looked at such provisions with great disdain. Both of the travellers suffered intense hunger in the course of their journey. The panther was once so raving, that she seized the negro violently by the leg; but a few caresses made her relent. Lariboo felt then that death was approaching, and at times she desired to die. She had been two entire days without a parti-

cle of food for herself, and it was plain the panther would not much longer endure her hunger.

But a different ending of her troubles awaited her. They were close to the confines of a country which, here and there, presented a solitary negro hut. A large antelope, chased and caught by the panther, satisfied her hunger, and she was again affectionate; while a few sweet berries served to keep life in the wasted form of Lariboo.

About three hours after the death of the antelope, Lariboo espied a hunter with his bow and arrow. The panther saw the same sight, and immediately darted forward, to attack the stranger.

The huntsman was very expert; and as the terrible animal raised herself to spring upon him, he shot her directly in the throat with a poisoned arrow, and then he lay flat upon the ground. The panther, in her dying fury, cleared his prostrate body at one leap, and, after a few convulsive bounds, she rolled powerless on the ground. When Lariboo came up, the beautiful but terrible creature fixed a mournful, loving look upon her, and tried to lick her hand. Lariboo would have given all the world to save her life. When she was dead, she sobbed like a child

who has lost a favorite dove. "My guardian of the desert," exclaimed she, "you saved my life, but I could not save yours!" and as she smoothed the rich, glossy fur of her dead companion, she watered it plentifully with bitter tears.

The hunter, at first, thought her conduct very strange; but when she told how the panther had loved her, and watched over her, and refrained from harming her even when she was very hungry, he no longer wondered at her grief; but he convinced her that the fierce animal could not possibly have gone far with her in an inhabited country, because she would have attacked every human being she met, when she happened to be hungry. "It was lucky for you," said he, "that you had a chance to gain her affections when her stomach was full. If she had been fasting when you took possession of her cave, it would have done but little good to caress her."

Lariboo staid at the negro's hut several days. She felt grateful to him, and she knew very well that the panther would not have been a safe traveller in an inhabited country. Still, she could not refrain from weeping whenever she thought of their singular friendship.

Having staid long enough to rest and recruit herself, Lariboo proceeded to Bilma, which is the capital of the Tibboo country. It is a mean little town, with walls of earth. It derives its chief importance from numerous salt lakes around it—salt being the most valuable article of commerce in this part of Africa. The warlike Tuaricks come to these lakes, load whole caravans with salt, and undersell the Tibboos in all the markets; yet the Tibboos have been so long in the habit of considering them as masters, that they do not dare to oppose them.

At Bilma, Lariboo found a caravan of Tibboo merchants going to Mourzook. Under their protection, she reached her home in safety, and found her husband alive and well. After a time, she persuaded him, and a dozen of her neighbors, to go to the oasis where she had her first interview with the panther.

"There we shall find every thing to live upon," said she, "and as it lies off the route from Mourzook to Bornou, we shall be out of the way of the savage Tuaricks."

They accordingly removed thither with fifty camels and the two tame gazelles. Lariboo never

knew what became of her babe; probably its little bones crumbled in the desert; but the skin of the panther hung in her hut to the day of her death!

CHAPTER XVIII.

The environs of Paris.—St. Denis.—St. Cloud.—Versailles.—St. Germain.—Walks into the country.—The dog sentinel.—Morality of animals.—Anecdotes.

I begin to think that I am making my walks and talks quite too long for my young readers. I shall therefore bring my story to as speedy a close as possible.

It is quite true that there are a thousand interesting things in Paris which I have not described; and besides, there are the towns and villages around Paris, many of which are celebrated either for their beauty, their monuments or their historical associations, which I have not even named. There is St. Denis, noted as the burial place of the kings of France; St. Germain, formerly a royal residence and

still having the wreck of the ancient palace, as well as extensive pleasure grounds and charming views; St. Cloud, the site of the summer residence of the Emperor; Versailles, a large city containing the famous palace built by Louis XIV—now the depository of a vast collection of paintings illustrative of the history of France. These and many other places are worthy of the attention of the traveller.

We visited all these which I have named, and my little companions were even more pleased with them than with Paris. They delighted indeed, to get into the country where the air seemed to fill their hearts with delight. The blue atmosphere, spread over distant hills, always seemed to inspire Ike with a disposition to get out of the carriage and have a scamper, while it set Izzy to quoting poetry and talking sentiment.

We spent several days at St. Germain and walked a number of miles into the country. It was midsummer, and the people, men and women, were at work in the fields. All around Paris, and indeed over a considerable part of France, the lands are very minutely divided, yet not separated by fences or hedges. You only know the divisions by the dif-

ferent crops you see on the land. One man sows his little patch, often not half as big as our kitchen gardens, with wheat; another sows his with oats; another devotes his to potatoes; another plants his with grapes, and so on. Thus if you get on a hill and look over the country, it seems like a vast carpet of many colours, wrought in squares of various oblong figures.

It is quite curious to see the people cultivating their little fields. In general their houses are not on the land : they live in villages and often go one, two or three miles to their work. The peasant and his wife usually accompany one another; and if they have young children, these go along too, attended by a nurse.

The migrations to and from the land are very curious, often consisting of the farmer on foot, leading a donkey with two panniers filled with manure. Then comes the rest of the family. I remember that one day, about three miles from St. Germain, we came to a plump, rosy faced child, fast asleep on the ground. Close by was a shaggy dog, evidently set as a guardian over the sleeping infant. I was on the point of going to caress the child, when the dog

growled, shewed his teeth and seemed to send sparks of fire from beneath his bushy eye brows. Ike also made advances toward the infant, but the canine sentinel would not tolerate him. Izzy approached gently, and the dog wagged his tail, as much as to say she might come up and kiss the baby. This she did, and he seemed very much gratified at her caresses, wagging his tail and smiling out of his fiery eyes; but he resolutely refused to let either Ike or myself approach the object of his charge. We saw the parents of the infant at work at some hay stacks in the distance, and they saw us, but seeming to confide in the discretion and fidelity of the dog, they did not quit their work, or come to see that the child was in no danger from the strangers whose notice it had attracted.

This little adventure led to a variety of observations upon the instincts of animals, and a number of anecdotes respecting dogs. Ike asked if I thought the Guardian of the little child acted from a sense of duty, or from affection, or from some blind instinct. I did not undertake to solve that knotty question; but I repeated the opinion of a celebrated

writer on natural history who maintains that certain animals have human sentiments.

"It is curious," he says, "to witness the assistance which some animals afford to each other, under circumstances of difficulty and danger. I have observed it in several instances, and it shows a kindness of disposition which may well be imitated. It is not, however, confined to their own species, as the following fact will prove: A farmer's boy had fed and taken great care of a colt. He was working, one day, in a field, when he was attacked by a bull. The boy ran to a ditch, and got into it just as the bull came up to him. The animal endeavored to gore him, and would probably have succeeded, hat not the colt come to his assistance. He not only kicked at the bull, but made so loud a scream,— for it could be called nothing else,— that some laborers, who were working near the place, came to see what was the matter, and extricated the boy from the danger he was in.

"I have seen cattle, when flies have been troublesome, stand side by side and close together, the tail of one at the head of the other. By this mutual arrangement, flies were brushed off from the head of each

animal as well as their bodies, only two sides being thus exposed to the attacks of the insects. Sheep have been known to take care of a lamb, when the dam has been rendered incapable of assisting it; and birds will feed the helpless young of others.

"Birds will cluster together for the purpose of keeping each other warm. I have observed swallows clustering like bees when they have swarmed, in cold, autumnal weather, hanging one upon another with their wings extended, under the eaves of a house. I have also heard of more than one instance of wrens being found huddled together in some snug retreat, for the purpose of reciprocating warmth and comfort."

When I had repeated these passages, as well as I could, from memory, Izzy remarked that she had just seen a story in a newspaper of Paris, which gave an account of a dog which showed forgiveness of injuries, and which she thought evidence of much higher morality than was indicated by the facts I had quoted. It seems that a young man, desirous of getting rid of his dog, took it with him to the Seine. He hired a boat, and rowing into the middle of the stream, threw the animal in. The poor

creature attempted to climb up the side of the boat, but his master, whose intention was to drown him, constantly pushed him back with his oar. In doing this, he himself fell into the water, and would certainly have been drowned had not the dog, as soon as he saw his master struggling in the stream, suffered the boat to float away, and held him above water, till assistance arrived and his life was saved!

When Izzy had told her story, Ike must tell his. This was a case of canine reconciliation and forgiveness of mutual injuries. It seems there was once a Newfoundland dog that had a mastiff for a neighbor. These two animals were in the habit of fighting, when they met. One day, they had a fierce and prolonged battle on a bridge, from which they both fell into the sea; and they had no other means of escape but by swimming a considerable distance. Each began, therefore, to make for the land as he best could. The Newfoundlander, being an excellent swimmer, very speedily gained the land, on which he stood shaking himself, at the same time watching the motions of his tall antagonist, who, being no swimmer, was struggling

in the water, and just about to sink. In dashed the Newfoundlander, and seizing the other gently by the collar, kept his head above water, and brought him safely on shore. There was afterwards a peculiar kind of intercourse, between the two animals; they never fought again, yet they were always together, and, when the mastiff was accidentally killed, the other languished and lamented for him a long time.

Not to be outdone, I related the following anecdote. A child, once playing on a wharf with a Newfoundland dog belonging to his father, accidentally fell into the water. The dog immediately sprang after the child, who was only six years old, and, seizing the waist of his little frock, brought him into the dock, where there was a staging, by which the child held on, but he was unable to get on it. The dog, seeing this, and finding he could not pull the little fellow out of the water, ran up to a yard adjoining, where a girl of nine years old was hanging out clothes. He seized her by the gown, and, notwithstanding her efforts to get away, he succeeded in dragging her to the spot where the child was still hanging by ist hands to the staging. On

the girl's taking hold of him, the dog assisted her in rescuing the little fellow from his perilous situation, and, after licking the face of the infant he had saved, took a leap off the dock, and swam round the head of the wharf, to get the hat, which had fallen off the child's head!

CHAPTER XIX.

Visit to a Chateau.—The outside and the inside.—Teaching pusher letters.—The Garden.—Man's enterprise in collecting his food. — The transmutations effected in plants by culture. — A walk.—The Terrace.—The Fountain.—The Fable.— Home.

One day, while we were remaining at St. Germain, we were invited to visit an old lady who lived near by, in a country seat which is called a Chateau. It was now the hot season, and the wealthy people of Paris had left the city, and retired to their country residences, or gone to the bathing places on the sea coast, or to the mineral springs in different parts of the country. As the heat is not so great in Paris,

during the summer, as it is in New York and Boston, it is hardly a necessity to leave it. The people here however, have delightful estates in the country, and I do not wonder that, for some months in the year, they are glad to get rid of the noise and dust of the city, and to enjoy tranquillity and fresh air amid these charming abodes.

Nothing can be more unlike our own country seats, than the French chateaux. These are built of stone, with steep, peaked roofs, and are of such an irregular shape, that at a little distance, they appear like villages. They are surrounded with high walls of mason work, and are approached through long avenues of trees, cut in straight lines at the top and sides. At first these places look forbidding; but when you get inside of the walls and see the flowers blooming on all sides; when you see the fountains playing in the lawns; when you see the gardens teeming with fruit; when you follow the winding pathways, leading you now to beautiful groups of statuary, and now to charming prospects of the distant country, and now to some little pavilion, hidden in the over bowering leaves of the forest; after all this, you begin to comprehend that these residences are not

repulsive, but in the highest degree attractive.

When you pass from the outside to the inside—when you have observed the treasures of painting hung upon the walls, and of statuary placed in the halls and along the stair-cases; when you have seen the stately rooms and their luxurious furniture; and finally, when you have witnessed the gracious manners and affectionate intercourse of the inhabitants, you will admit that the French chateaux combine the elegance, refinement and luxury of the city, with the charms of the country.

The particular chateau which we visited, commanded a fine view of the Seine, which seemed to wind through the valley before us, for miles, like a vast tissue of silver. We were received by the lady of the house in the kindest manner. After a time, we took a walk in the garden. We here found the granddaughter, with one of her playmates, trying to teach a huge old Maltese cat her letters! One of them was holding puss by her fore legs, while the other, with the book in her lap, seemed to be saying: "Now Puss, mind! That's A; that's B; that's C." All this time Puss looked the other way and showed the greatest disgust at the

lesson, while the girl had all the severity and solemnity of face, proper to a schoolmistress.

I was pleased with the scene, because it showed that children belonging to a French chateau, are like other children; and that little girls dearly love to play at being grown up people.

On seeing us, the two girls released the cat, and being introduced to Ike and Izzy by the lady of the chateau, the children all set off for a ramble over the grounds. I took a survey of the garden, and admired, as I had often done before, the skill of the French gardeners in bending nature to their purposes. The fruit trees in France, such as cherry trees, peach trees, apple trees, pear trees, are but little more than shrubs; yet the quantity they yield is astonishing. As to peaches and apples, the quality is inferior to ours, because the sun is not sufficiently intense to give them perfection of flavor; but they are produced in abundance, and of great size and beauty. The pears are superb in looks and flavor; the figs are excellent and the grapes delicious. The grape crop, is indeed the most important product of the whole agriculture of France, and vineyards are as common here

Typ. Ernest Meyer

THERE. PUSS. THAT'S A

as Indian corn fields in the United States. A vineyard in full leaf and a field of maize with its tassels out, have in appearance, a great resemblance.

As to such vulgar vegetables as carrots, potatoes, turnips, sallads, cabbages, beets, etc., the French gardeners greatly excel our own. They have the art of producing and propagating many delicious kinds which are unknown to us. In the cultivation of flowers they lead the world. In observing their wonderful operations, I was often led to reflect upon the art which man has displayed in his means and measures for procuring food, and the wonderful results which he has produced by cultivation. He has ransacked the world merely for a supply of kitchen vegetables!

The potato is a native of South America, and is still found wild in Chili, Peru, and the Chiloe isles. The first mention of it by European writers is in 1588; it is now spread over the world. Wheat and rye originated in Tartary and Siberia, where they are still indigenous. The only country where the oat is found wild is in Abyssinia, and there it may be considered a native. Maize, or Indian corn, is a native of Mexico, and was unknown in

Europe until after the discoveries of Columbus. Tea is found a native nowhere except in China and Japan, from the first of which the world is supplied. Coffee is a native of Arabia Felix, but is now spread into both the East and West Indies. All the varieties of the apple are derived from the crab-apple, which is found native in most parts of the world.

But cultivation has performed the most marvellous transformations in the nature of plants, and in adapting them or their fruits, to the uses of man. It has changed the most indigestible and inedible roots and weeds into the vegetables which are now looked upon as indispensable accompaniments of breakfast, dinner, and supper. The potato was once thought an unwelcome intruder on the soil, and was obliged to pass through many stages of preparation before it was rendered fit to eat. The same was the case with the turnip. Asparagus was formerly a miserable species of sea-weed. The marine plant called the *brassica alearica*, was the parent of the cabbage, cauliflower, broccoli, etc. The apple, as we have said, is derived from the crab, and the plum from the sloe. The nectarine is a

variety of the peach, and the peach is a descendant of the almond. The wild lime, a fruit of acrid taste and of little use, has been brought by cultivation to take the various forms of citron, shaddock, orange, and lemon. Almost the only fruits indigenous to the north of France and to Great Britain are the strawberry, currant, blackberry, elderberry, crabs, sloes, hips, haws, etc. Yet there is hardly a fruit, now, in the known world, which has not a place either in the gardens or ho houses of these countries, having been introduced from other lands, or developed from their own native productions.

When we had taken a survey of the garden, we turned into a narrow pathway leading among a thick shrubbery of acacias, Spanish laurel, magnolias and libernums, and we soon came to a flight of stone steps rising in terraces to a considerable height. This we ascended and entered a magnificent avenue running along the verge of a hill. At the end of this we came to a small circular lawn, completely shut in by trees. The grass was shaven like velvet. Near the middle was a small sheet of crystal water enclosed in a basin of hewn

stone. In the centre was a thin jet of water, rising in a bright column and falling in drops like diamonds, over the surface of the fountain. In the sunshine, the rainbow was constantly playing through the spray. It was a charming spot, and the lady informed me it was so sheltered that the water was never frozen in winter and the grass of the lawn never lost its verdure. Hence it was called the *Fountain of Youth.*

I remarked that the place itself was as beautiful as the idea; but while the former was a reality, the latter was only a dream. "Yet it appears", said the lady, "that this fancy has been almost universal, at least in ancient times. Almost every country has had its legends and localities pertaining to some fairy fountain, which pretended to remove the wrinkles and decrepitude of age, and to restore the beauty, health and hilarity of youth. But after all, unless the mind and the heart could be made anew, I doubt if it would be desirable to have our bodies thus renovated. I entirely concur in the sentiment expressed in the fable of the Fountain and the Fairy."

I remarked that I never heard it and requested

her to repeat it. "I will give you the substance," said she, "which is nearly as follows:

"There was once a fountain which was fancied to possess the power of restoring to the old and decrepit the beauty and vigor of youth. It was said to be attended by a benignant fairy, who kindly wiped away the wrinkles of age, and gave in return, a smooth glossy skin, and who exchanged the thin, silvery locks of even threescore years and ten, for the luxuriant and wavy tresses of fifteen:

"It may be well believed that such a fountain was often resorted to by those who were so idle as to wish to live their lives over again. But though the fairy's power and the fountain's virtue were not questioned, there was never a single instance in which they actually proved successful in banishing age and restoring youth. The reason was this:

"Near the fountain was a grotto, in which the guardian fairy dwelt. This was closed by a door which no one was permitted to open; but the applicant was required to knock and declare his wishes. After a long pause, a faint voice was heard, saying:

"'Think, mortal, of thy request. Thou hast had thy measure of existence. It is lengthened out to

threescore years and ten; and to what end hast thou lived? To sully thy bosom, which came pure from the hands of God; to mark thy soul with sin as thy brow is furrowed by time! And wouldst thou have thy life lengthened only to add to the stains and scars which thou hast inflicted upon thy soul? Wouldst thou have more years only to heap up more iniquity? Nay, thy prayer is a mockery. A youthful form can only belong to a spirit unsteeped in habitual selfishness and sin.

"'Oh mortal, who art thou that thus desirest the beauty of youth in exchange for the deformities of age?'

"Upon this demand, the pilgrim was required to tell his name, years, and character. These being given, the oracle within said:

"'Thy petition is heard, and thy prayer shall be granted, if thou canst rightly answer certain questions. Is thy soul young and pure? Is thy heart tender and gentle as in thine early days? Is thy bosom unsullied with crime? Is thy mind unwrinkled with worldly selfishness? Will thy soul suit a face made to be the mirror of truth, and a form speaking

only of love and affection? Pilgrim, I await thy response!'

"The petitioner answered, Nay, fairy, my heart is not young, nor can I say that I have lived in innocence and purity.

"'And still dost thou wish for renewed life, and a lengthened term of years?' said the spirit. 'It cannot be, for it would be only wedding a youthful body to a decrepit and deformed soul. It cannot be!"

Ike and Izzy now came back from their rambles, greatly delightedat what they had seen. They had taken a run through the woods, and had noticed a great many birds; but Ike remarked that all of them were different from those he was accustomed to see in our American forests. "Dear me!" said he, "what would I not give to see an American bird!"

"Come with me," said our hosstes; "perhaps I can show you one." She led the way to a large green yard behind the chateau, and there we found a cage of wire as abig as small house. This was called an *aviary* and here we saw a collection of rare and beautiful birds. There were the most splendid

parrots and mackaws; the most magnificent toucans; the most gaudy pheasants. It was indeed an assemblage from all quarters of the globe, of birds distinguished for the brilliancy of their plumage.

We were all struck with admiration at this display; but Ike seemed disappointed at finding none of his old New England play-mates of the orchard, or the forest. At length he chanced to look up in a corner, and there on one of the highest perches, he saw a little fellow dressed in blue, black and white, all doubled up in a heap, and seeming in a confortable doze. Ike whistled, and the bird opened his eyes and then came flying down, looking the boy in the face as if he really would ask him a question.

"It is a blue jay, and he knows me!" said Ike in raptures. "How do you do, my good fellow," said the boy: "How do you do? So, you know I am one of your countrymen! Really I am as glad to see you, as if you were my own brother." Both the children were greatly excited, and the tears came down Izzy's cheeks, partly from sympathy with Ike's transports, and partly, I think, from ideas of home, suggested by meeting with this gay, gossiping fop, so familiar

to children accustomed to our New England woods.

We took leave of our hostess having given her many thanks for her kind attentions to us. On our way back to Paris the children talked a great deal of birds, of forests and of home. The time was indeed approaching for our return to America; but this little incident of the blue jay, had brought back remembrances which filled the hearts of the children to overflowing. Izzy said little, but she looked very sober, and her eyes seemed gazing afar off, as if over the blue waters she could see her distant home. Ike, whose mind was filled with images of life, as he had found it in his childhood, was very talkative.

"France is very beautiful," said he, "and very interesting; but still I prefer America."

"And why so?" said I.

"Well, for many reasons," was his reply. "Every thing here looks old and worn out. The land is all cultivated like a garden, and if there are forests, they consist of trees that have been planted. All is ploughed up or dug over. There is nothing natural, nothing fresh as it comes from the hands of the Creator; every thing is marked

with the hand of art. The poet says, 'God made the country, man has made the town.' To me all France is in the town. If I lived here, I should forget that there is a God, as well from the aspect of nature as the manners and habits of the people."

"And you wish to go home then?" said I.

"Yes," said Ike, "and the sooner the better. I like Paris, I like France; but now that I have seen them, I should like to bid them good bye."

"And what do you say, Izzy?" I asked.

"Oh! I am like the blue bird in the song," she replied, "always thinking of 'Home and far away.'"

"Yes, so am I," said Ike; "do repeat the lines, Izzy. I half remember them, and I like them very much. The blue bird is one of my favorites, for it is the first to bring us news of the returning spring." Thus urged, Izzy repeated the following verses:

THE BLUE BIRD'S SONG.

I dwelt in climes where flowers bloom,
And know no chill, no wintry tomb;

A joyous land where one might stay,
But home, sweet home, was far away.

I sat upon the topmost bough,
At peep of dawn as I do now,
And tried to sing a cheerful lay—
But no —'t was ever, "far away."

I loved that land of fruit and flowers,
Where spring and summer twine their bowers,
And gentle zephyrs round them play—
But my birth tree was far away.

Far north where I was born and bred,
My winged thoughts were ever fled,
And spurning joys that round me lay,
I sighed for pleasures far away.

Gay birds around sang many a song,
And cheerful notes rang loud and long—
But oh! my heart turned every lay
To plaintive airs of "far away."

The brook came laughing down the dell,
Yet sad to me its joyous swell;
And though its chime made others gay,
I only thought of "far away."

And now returned, how dear the hours,
Though chill the wind and bare the bowers;
Yet this is home, and that sad lay
I sing no more, of "far away!"

CHAPTER XX.

The completion of the palace of the Louvre.—Improvements in Paris. — The palace of Industry and the great exhibition of 1855.—The Temple Market.—The Bois de Boulogne.

We now began to make preparations for our return to the United States. But as the weather was still very pleasant, we occupied our time in walks and talks about Paris, or in excursions to celebrated places in the vicinity.

We frequently went to see the workmen occupied in completing the palace of the Louvre. The present Emperor seems determined that Paris shall surpass all other cities in the world, as to the magnificence of its buildings, the splendor of its streets and the excellence of its institutions. All over the city, very great improvements are going on. New streets are being opened and old ones cleaned and beautified. New squares are being constructed, new churches, new markets, new hospitals, new palaces are in course of construction.

The Louvre was built a long time ago, and was

intended to be the most superb palace in the world. It is near the palace of the Tuileries, and the two were to be united. But for a hundred years this project had remained only half fulfilled. It is now being completed. A magnificent structure, large as a palace itself, has been reared between the two palaces, and they now appear like one vast pile, nearly half a mile in length, and a quarter of a mile in width, and sufficient to lodge ten thousand people!

Another worderful building is being erected in the Champs Elysées. This is called the Palace of Industry, and is to be somewhat like the crystal palace of New York. It is however ten times as large. It is also built of stone, but covered in the same way with glass. It is a most superb edifice, and its situation is delightful. It is near the grand avenue of the Champs Elysées, and is extirely surrounded by forest trees, except that a few openings give you views of it. Next year, that is in 1855, there is to be an Exhibition of the arts and manufactures of all nations here, and a great display it will be.

One of the most curious things in Paris, is the

Temple Market. This consists of 1900 little shops, all together, under the roof of four enormous buildings. The greater part of the articles sold here, are second hand and are purchased by poor people. The shop keepers send persons about Paris to buy old hats, old coats, shoes, boots, and pantaloons; old gowns, petticoats, night caps, shawls, pocket handkerchiefs, stockings, ribbons, bonnets and gloves; old chairs and tables, old knives and forks, old hammers and old nails, old shovels and old tongs, old locks and old keys, old snuffers and old trays!

In this way all the soiled, damaged, rusty and worn-out clothes, tools and utensils of this great city, are collected and brought to this market. Here the old clothes being relieved from grease and dirt, are made to look almost as good as new. The old nails are straightened, the night caps are washed and starched, the ribbons are ironed out, the bonnets are whitened and retrimmed, the rust of the knives and forks is replaced by a bright polish, the shoes are mended, soled and made to shine with Day and Martin. It is truly amazing to see the industry, skill and taste displayed by

the people in renovating those old and cast-off articles.

The stalls or shops are each about six feet square, and have passages between them, like the streets of a city. Many are kept by men, and many by women. One devotes himself to iron ware, one to shoes and boots, one to hats; one to men's clothing, one to articles for women. It is curious to look at some of the collections. In one stall you will see hung all around, up to the wall, thousands of rusty, bent, broken nails, hammers, locks, keys, pincers, jack-knives, chisels; and in the centre, like a spider in his web, you will see a man at work, putting them in repair. At another place you will see collections of the soles and heels of old shoes, heaped up as high as your head. Surely there was never such a droll place before!

Ike and Izzy went from point to point, in a constant trance of wonder. Sometimes they could not help laughing outright, at the odd assemblages of articles. They were all the time beset by the people begging them to buy something. "Demandez! Demandez!" was the cry at every turn

and corner; which meant, "what will you have?" Both the children desired something to remember the place by; so Izzy bought a thimble, which looked like gold, for six cents, and Ike purchased a spy glass, which appeared as good as new, for half a dollar! The prices of the articles here, are indeed very low, and many persons in Paris, who have but little money, buy most of their goods, here. The Temple Market is in fact, the great market of poverty, in Paris. It collects the waste of the city and makes it useful to those of humble means. It gives occupation and subsistence to ten thousand people, and contributes to the comfort of fifty thousand. It is not only a very curions, but it is a most useful institution.

From the Temple Market, we went to a very different place—the Bois de Boulogne, that is, the Wood or Forest of Boulogne. This is just outside the walls of Paris, and consists of nearly two thousand acres of forest, laid out with beautiful roads and avenues, in every direction. Here also is an artificial river with a charming lake and waterfall — all surrounded by promenades and encircled by forest trees.

In the afternoon you may see here the rich people

of Paris, with their splendid carriages driving back and forth to see and be seen, or perhaps walking in the promenades while their coaches wait for them. You may also see many gentlemen and ladies on horseback. A great many people of the humbler classes walk out here in fine weather and saunter along the avenues or sit upon the sod of the lawns, or roll and tumble upon the grass beneath the trees. In summer the place is all alive with people, sometimes till ten o'clock at night. The principal points are lighted with gas, and it is impossible to conceive of any thing more cheerful than the scene it presents.

I very often visited this place with my companions; at first they liked to look about in the grand promenades and observe the gay equipages. Here they often saw the Emperor and Empress, and for a time they felt great excitement as their splendid horses and carriages dashed by; but at length they loved better to steal away into some of the remote and shaded lanes, where we could have a quiet scamper all by ourselves. I say we, because I often caught the frolicsome humor of my friends, and

by the aid of my cane, galloped away with them through the woods.

As we were one day returning from this wood I said to Ike— "Well, my boy, we shall start for home next week; will you not miss this charming place when you have reached New York, for that city has no Bois de Boulogne!"

"Why, we can go into the country!" said he.

"Yes," I replied, "but think of the advantages to a great city, and especially to the thousands who cannot leave it, of such a breathing place as this—such a pleasure ground, such a field for exercice, health and recreation, open to all and accessible to all! It is a great pitv that all great cities could not have a Bois de Boulogne. For my own part I think that life in Paris would lose nearly half its value, without its promenades. In this respect the government, which provides them, shows both wisdom and beneficence, inasmuch as the health, happiness, and even the morals of the people, are all improved thereby. In our own country the people, who govern, show folly, ignorance and insensibility to the good of the community, in not following the wise exemple of Paris, in this respect."

CHAPTER XXI.

Hotel de Cluny.—The Gobelins.—A walk in the country.—The donkey and his cart.—A young Jehu.—St. Cloud.—The Fête.—Fontainebleau.—A trip on the Seine.

Although we had been nearly nine months in Paris, as we were about to take leave of it, we found there were many things still to be seen. Our time was therefore fully occupied, either in visiting new objects of interest, or in repeating visits to those which had strongly excited our curiosity. Sometimes we would set out in the morning, determined to see a great many things; but we would get so interested in some particular one, that we would spend half a day in examining it.

We had heard a great deal of the Hotel de Cluny, which is alike curious for its antiquity and the collection of antiquities which it contains. The present building was begun in 1480, and has received additions at various times. It is now a large edifice with a great number of rooms, and these are filled with specimens of art, illustrative of the history of France, from the earliest ages

to the present time. There are carvings, mouldings, pictures, statues, furniture, arms, articles of dress, articles of manufacture, belonging to almost every year, from the time of Clovis down to modern days. There are things here which belonged, personally, to many of the ancient kings and queens, and many which belonged to other persons, who figure in the old annals of France. The building itself, has a curious history. A portion of it was once the palace of the Roman governor of Gaul, and here Julian had his residence, when his troops proclaimed him Emperor of Rome. Here also lived some of the early French kings, successors of Clovis, who founded the monarchy. The modern edifice has been successively a nunnery, a palace, a prison, a revolutionary hall, a museum. It is really one of the most curious places in the world, and here we spent a whole day, both Ike and Izzy being so captivated with it, that I could hardly get them away. To us Americans, who have no historical antiquities, this collection is really a magazine of wonders.

The Gobelin manufacture of carpets and tapestry, is another curiosity, which greatly interested us.

The establishment belongs to the government, and the articles it produces are used for the palaces. The tapestries are copies of the finest paintings, and they are so exquisitely done as to seem like the works of the great masters, only that the colours are far more brilliant. Some of them are thirty feet long and twenty feet wide. They are used for covering the walls of the grand apartments in the palaces.

We have nothing in our country which conveys an idea of the splendor of the rooms hung with these tapestries. A single piece, covering one side of a parlor, would cost more than a common house and farm in the United States!

One thing about the manufacture of these tapestries, is very wonderful. The fabric is woven by hand and the workman has a copy of the picture before him, which he wishes to imitate. He has bobbins of worsted of all the required colors. These he weaves into the warp, but he works at the back — the face of the tapestry and that which presents the image of the picture being entirely hidden from his view!

The Hotel de Cluny and the manufacture of Gobelins are in Paris; but there is a manufacture

of porcelain at Sevres, which is some six or seven miles from the city. This too is a government establishment, its rich and costly vases being chiefly used by kings and emperors. It is on an immense scale and the various rooms present a perfect museum of every variety of earthen ware, ancient as well as modern. Here are Etruscan vases three thousand years old, and specimens of pottery, Greek, Roman and Gallic, of nearly equal antiquity. There is porcelain from China, India, Japan and almost every kingdom of Europe. In one place there is a representation of every process of porcelain manufacture, from the dull clay to the glazed and glowing vase. There is also a magnificent display of the finest products of the establishment. Among them there are vases, one of which would sell for more money than many a store with all its crockery, in our country!

But I must not weary the patience of my readers by telling all we saw, and all we thought, and all we said. Many things very amusing to us would appear very dull to them. If they could only hear Ike and Izzy talk of our travels, and could see their flashing eyes and glowing cheeks and animated

gestures, no doubt they would listen all day long; but the pages of an old man must lack the life and interest, which belong to the personal narrative of such lively and intelligent travellers as my young companions. Indeed I suppose the best of what I write will consist of what Ike and Izzy said and did!

We had been two or three times to St. Cloud; but as there was to be a fete there, we went again a short time before our departure from Paris. Although there are plenty of rail roads in the city, which lead to all the neighboring places, and also plenty of omnibuses to the adjacent towns and villages, we often made our excursions on foot, partly because we liked the exercise, partly because we were amused and instructed by the objects we saw, and partly because we thus had an opportunity to see and talk with the people along the roads.

In our way to St. Cloud, we passed through the avenue of the Champs Elysées and under the Arch of Triumph, and then followed along the Avenue of Neuilly—a magnificent road, two miles long and two hundred feet wide, between rows of trees and bordered by buildings on both sides. You come at last

to a bridge across the Seine, and on the other side, you enter the village of Courbevoie. Here you seem to be in another world. Every thing has a country look—the houses, people, fields, vehicles. Here we left the high road, and passed along a narrow cart path, through the fields.

It is curious to observe the way many of the people live here. A man who owns a little patch of land, will also be proprietor of a donkey and a cart. It is amazing to see the work he will get out of his donkey.

From morning till night the poor beast is in harness. He takes his master or mistress on his back to and from the land, which lies perhaps at the distance of a mile, carrying at the same time, two panniers loaded with manure, and bringing the same back loaded with weeds, or, in harvest time, with vegetables. He goes to market at Courbevoie, or St. Cloud, or Paris even, with a similar burden. He takes his master and mistress as well as the children, in the cart over hill and dale, to the church, and upon occasion to the neighboring village fetes. He and his cart are to his humble proprietor —now a full team and now a pair of horses and

GO IT ROLLO!

a waggon; now a yoke of oxen and a cart, now a carriage and now a coach.

Nor is this the full extent of economy practised by these people, in the environs of Paris. On our way to St. Cloud, we saw an old woman tethered to a goat, which she followed, allowing it to nip the grass and shrubs by the way-side. On enquiry we found that this goat gave a quart of milk a day, which being used for sick people, brought the old woman eight cents a day. On this she was able to live; and by the way, she seemed to live very well.

Even dogs are put to use, here. They are often harnessed to carts and thus drag quite heavy loads from one place to another. In our trip across the fields to St. Cloud, we met a nice little girl with a dog-cart loaded with a kind of clover, called *luzerne*, and which she was taking home for the cow. On the top of the load sat her brother, about a year and a half old, with a whip in his hand, trying to lash the poor dog who tugged away in his harness—with his tongue out—as steadily as if he had been a horse. The creature was evidently trained to it; and the little boy was also learning his lesson. Jehu of

old, the fast driver, was certainly a very natural character, for even this child seemed to exclaim, "Go it, Rollo!" as if by instinct.

St. Cloud is quite a large village, six miles west of Paris, on the southern bank of the Seine. Here is a beautiful palace, which was a great favorite with the first Bonaparte, and is the summer residence of the present Emperor. The situation is charming. It is on a high hill or terrace, and overlooks the rich valley of the Seine, through which the river winds in long sweeping curves. Paris is in full view, as well as a great number of towns and villages, far and near.

The rooms of the palace are not so large or so splendid as those of the Tuileries; but they are more cozy and more comfortable. The woods and gardens around are delightful. Some of the promenades really seem like fairy land. In one place there is a splendid artificial cascade, consisting of two falls, and which is made to play, for the pleasure of the people, generally on Sundays.

On our arrival at St. Cloud, we found all the roads and streets crowded with persons from Paris and the vicinity, come to the fête, and to witness the

display of the water-works. A long and beautiful avenue was occupied by booths on each side, filled with cake shops, toy shops and the tents of rope dancers, tumblers and mountebanks. Oh! what a gay place it was. There were a great many men and women, but the number of children was quite amazing. They all seemed perfectly happy. If one of them cried, his mouth was immediately stopped up with a doll or a bit of gingerbread. At four o'clock the grand waters were let loose, and came with a roar over the rocks of the cascade. The people applauded it as if it had been an actor at a theatre, or a rider at a circus. We staid till ten o'clock in the evening, and when we came away, we left the people dancing, promenading, talking and amusing themselves, the whole place being brillantly lighted with gas.

The day after this we went by rail road to Fontainebleau, forty miles from Paris. The country through which we passed is very beautiful. Our journey only occupied two hours. The town of Fontainebleau has some 8,500 inhabitants, but it contains nothing of real interest, except the chateau and the forest. The former is considered the

finest palace in France and the latter contains 30,000 acres!

It is difficult to give an idea of such an immense structure as the palace, especially to American readers who have only seen our own buildings. The city hall of New York resembles one side of a small European palace. That of Fontainebleau is built on four courts and is about ten times as extensive as the New York city-hall. Nearly a thousand years ago, a palace was built here, close by a fountain or spring called *Fontaine-Belle-Eau*, or Beautiful Spring; from this the place derived its present name. The forests around afforded abundance of deer, wild boars and other game; and so, for ages, this place was a favorite resort for the kings of France, during the hunting season.

The present edifice was erected in the sixteenth century by Francis I, who lavished upon it all the taste and art of that age. It afterwards fell into neglect and became quite dilapidated. But the great Napoleon had it restored, and here he spent a good deal of his time. It was at this palace that he took leave of his army, when compelled in 1814, to surrender his throne, for exile in the little

island of Elba. The small round table, on which he signed his abdication, is in the room he used to occupy, and is shown to all who visit the palace.

Again, after Napoleon's time, this place was neglected; but the late king, Louis Philippe, had it thoroughly restored. It is therefore nearly as it was, fresh from the designs of the elegant and luxurious Francis I. I shall not attempt to tell you of the magnificent rooms, of the superb pictures, of the beautiful bronzes, of the costly sculptures, the exquisite tapestries, the gilded halls, the painted and decorated ceilings, the chairs, tables, bedsteads—such as French artists and artisans only can produce, and such only as kings and queen can possess — all are here presented to the wondering and admiring eyes of the visitor. It takes two hours to make even a general survey of the numerous suites of rooms!

Many of these derive peculiar interest either from the persons who have occupied them, or from the richness of their furniture and decorations, or from their display of the taste and fancy of bygone kings and bygone ages. In one place you are shown the

bed-curtrains and tapestries—consisting of the richest silks, wrought in figures rivalling the beauty of oil painting — and which were presented to Marie Antoinette by the city of Paris, upon her marriage. You are shown articles of furniture which belonged to Francis I, pictures ordered by Louis XIV, tapestries executed for Louis XV. You are shown the room in which Pope Pius VII was imprisoned by Napoleon, with the bed on which he slept, the chairs on which he sat, the table on which he ate.

You are shown the Queen's Chamber which has been successively occupied by Marie de Medicis, Anne of Austria, Marie Thérèse, Marie Antoinette, Josephine, Marie Louise, Marie Amélie—all sonorous names in the annals of France. You see the rooms where kings, princes and princesses, who have passed before you like majestic shadows in the dream of history, have lived and died. Thus you can see where and how they danced and sang, and ate and drank, and slept and died. He who would study the life of kings and queens—he who would at once feel the glory and the vanity of human life, should visit the palace of Fontainebleau. It is a

monument of the mighty dead, who seem to rise and pass before you in the midst of the scenes which they once loved and adorned. How superb, how mournful and desolate are the palaces of departed kings!

The gardens and grounds around the palace, are worthy of the interior. Fountains, pure as crystal, reflecting only the sky or the blossoms that stoop over and look into their waters, are set in the midst of long smooth gravelled walks, bordered by flowering shrubs and plants, chosen from every clime under the sun. Promenades steal away from the glory and splendor of the parterres, to solitary lawns encircled by thick, massy forests. All that is joyous and gay, all that is soft and sentimental, in the art of the gardener, is produced in every variety among these enchanted and enchanting grounds.

About two miles from the palace, we entered the forest of Fontainebleau. This would not be remarkable in our country, but it is interesting here, because it possesses somewhat of that wildness, so common to American scenery. At the entrance, we found a small café and plenty of boys for guides. One black eyed fellow seemed to have

the first word with us, and so we engaged him. Ike asked him his name. "Teevo," said he. "Petit Veau?" said Ike, not quite understanding him. This caused a laugh all round, for Petit Veau means Little Calf. The boy took it as a good joke, and we called him by this title the rest of the day.

We made the tour of the forest, some parts of which are wild enough. In several places there are heaps of enormous rocks, rolled together, as if giants had built temples there, and then tumbled them into heaps of ruins. In one place, there is a prodigious rock, placed upon other rocks, at the bottom of which water falls, drop by drop. This is called the Weeping Rock—for every thing here has got a name. This water was once imagined to have miraculous virtues in the cure of diseases.

We visited the Brigands' Cave, the Two Sisters, the Queen's walk, the Wolf's den and other curiosities. Most of these are interesting on account of the wild legends connected with them; but as natural curiosities, they are far less striking than a multitude of objects in our own country.

About three o'clock in the afternoon we left Fontainebleau, and set out upon our return. We

came as far as Melun by the cars; there we entered a steam boat on the Seine, and proceeded by the river to Paris. The distance is about 35 miles, and we ran it in three hours. The steam boats on the Seine are very small, being about 12 feet wide and 80 feet in lenght. They paddle along pretty fast, but they look like mere canoes, compared with ours. Early in the evening we reached home, quite fatigued, though we had enjoyed a delightful excursion.

CHAPTER XXII.

Departure from Paris. — A city of windmills. — Beet sugar.— Colza oil. — French hasty pudding and molasses. — Calais.— Edward III and Queen Philippa.— The camp of 100,000 men. —The king of Belgium, king of Portugal and Prince Albert.— Grand ceremonies at Boulogne.

The time had now arrived for our departure. Having packed our trunks, paid our bills, and taken leave of our friends, we proceeded to the station of the northern rail-way, and got into the cars. Pretty

soon there was a sharp whistle, and then the train glided gently away. It speedily quickened its pace, and now we flew along as if we had wings.

In six hours we arrived at Calais, nearly two hundred miles north of Paris. The country through which we passed, presented nothing of particular interest, especially to our hasty observations, as we sped along in the train. We saw some villages and several considerable towns; but they looked very much alike, all the houses being of stone and mortar, and enclosed in walls. The lands are highly cultivated, though the soil, in large portions, is poor. The vineyards which are so abundant around Paris, become more rare as you proceed to the north.

When we had made a little more than half our day's journey, Ike, whose head was out of the window, exclaimed : " Halloo! What's here? A city of windmills"! We all looked, and true enough, at the distance of two or three miles, we saw at least a hundred windmills whirling round with the greatest energy. At first we saw no houses or buildings — nothing but windmills lifting their long thin wings on high, and all seeming to try which

could whirl round the swiftest. Very soon, however, we began to see the steeples of churches, and then the houses of a large town gradually came to view. This was the city of Lille, and a very curious place we found it.

It is a walled town and is entered by seven gates. A canal runs through it, which is large enough for small vessels. The people are chiefly occupied in manufactures of cotton, woollen clothes, worsted stuffs, hats, velvets, paper, beet-root sugar, and rape-seed oil. It is a very busy place and reminds one of Lowell.

The manufacture of sugar from beets, is carried to an immense extent in France. They use very little brown sugar here, and as to molasses, they scarcely know what it is. The article they sell under that name, is thick and sticky and has an abominable taste. If you buy some of a grocer, he will put it up for you in a brown paper! Ike and Izzy, while we were in Paris, had a desire for some hasty pudding and molasses. So I told the servant to make us some. Dear me! What a mess it was! The Indian meal was as fine as wheat flour, and the

pudding was like dirty paste. As to the molasses—whew! the smell was enough without tasting it!

But the white sugar made from beets in France is excellent. The product is 150 millions of pounds a year. You see whole acres planted with this vegetable, the particular kind used for sugar being very large. The roots are often 18 inches long and are of a very light colorr.

The windmills of Lille are chiefly occupied in grinding rape-seed for the oil it yields. The process is very similar to that of obtaining oil from flax seed. The rape is a species of cabbage, here called colza : the seed is often used among us for feeding caged birds. The colza oil is ihe best for lamps, giving a very white and clear light. Millions of gallons of it are made in France every year, and all the light-houses along the coast, are supplied with it.

We found Calais to have the look of an ancient town, and its high, formidable walls reminded us of its remarkable history. It is situated on the narrowest part of the British Channel, and opposite the town of Dover, in England. The distance across is about twenty five miles; in clear weather, you can

see the heights of Dover from Calais; and from Dover you can see the cliffs of cape Gray Nose on the opposite coast of France.

In ancient times the French and English hated each other, and made constant wars one against the other. The English often invaded France, and at one time even placed their kings on the French throne. The former took Calais, after a terrible siege, in the year 1347. The English king, Edward III, was so furious at the obstinacy with which the people had defended the city, that he determined to destroy it. Six of the principal inhabitants came and surrendered the keys of the town, and urged the monarch to spare the place. Edward was still so angry that he was about to order them to be executed, when his Queen, Philippa, fell on her knees before him, and begged him to be merciful. What he would not yield to justice and humanity, he granted to the tears and persuasions of his wife. The town was spared and the six citizens were dismissed with kindness.

Calais remained in the hands of the English for more than two hundred years, and thus enabled them to carry on their wars against France with great advan-

tage. At the present time, the relations of the two countries are very different from what they have been before, for ages, excepting only a few brief intervals. At the time I am writing, France and England are bound together by treaties, and their armies and navies, side by side, are fighting against Russia. When we arrived at Calais, we found the place full of English people, who had come over to see the reception of the king of Belgium and his son, together with Prince Albert, by the Emperor Napoleon III.

We did not stay to witness this grand ceremony, which took place near Boulogne—some dozen miles from Calais, where there was a camp of French soldiers of one hundred thousand men! France is a great place for soldiers; every town, city and village over the kingdom swarms with them. They are devoted to the Emperor, and by their means, he makes the people submit to his government, and in all things, do as he chooses. The expenses of the Emperor, —with his palaces and his army, navy, and all his officers — amount to over two hundred millions of dollars a year, and all this, the people are required to pay!

No wonder the Emperor is fond of soldiers, as he is so much indebted to them; and besides, he is at war with Russia. Therefore it is that just now, he has this vast camp, partly to please the soldiers, partly to please himself and partly to practise them in the art of war. As a camp of one hundred thousand men is a very rare and splendid spectacle, the king of Belgium and his son, the Duke of Brabant; also the young king of Portugal and Prince Albert, the husband of Victoria, Queen of England, all went to see it. They were of course received with great ceremony, by Louis Napoleon. Thousands of people came over from England, and thousands went from Paris and other parts of France, to behold this remarkable spectacle. It was no doubt, curious to see the kings and princes of four kingdoms, who had often been at war with one another, meeting together and exchanging gracious words and hospitable deeds. It would have been altogether a pleasant scene, had not the mind been compelled to reflect, that all this took place in presence of a camp of one hundred thousand men whose trade was war, and who ere long, no doubt, must be engaged in their bloody work.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Crossing the Channel.—London.—The French and the English.—Edinburgh.—The Highlands.—Ireland.—Departure from Liverpool.—The voyage.—Home!

After spending a night at Calais, we took a small steam boat and passed over to Dover. The English Channel is generally rough and most people are sea-sick in crossing it. But on this occasion it was fair, mild weather; the boat, which was a very swift one, took us over in two hours, without the slightest uncomfortable feeling. Indeed, we enjoyed the trip and the children were delighted with our approach to the high chalky cliffs of Dover. The town lies stretched for a mile along the edge of the water, and is an irregular, ill looking old place. But back of it, the heights rise in a succession of hills, several hundred feet above the level of the sea. Here is an immense collection of ancient and modern fortifications, covering some thirty acres. A fragment of old ruins here, probably of Roman construction, is called Cæsar's tower. When that general invaded England, 55 years before Christ, he met the Britons

at Deal, a little to the east of Dover, and after a fierce battle, he effected a landing. It is quite possible therefore that he, or some of the Roman generals, erected the tower in question.

We took our seats in the cars and started for London. Our route for a considerable distance led us along the face of a precipice that overhung the sea. Several times we dove into long tunnels which perforated the rocks, the engines making a hideous echo in the cavernous bowels of the cliffs. Finally we left the coast and whirled along through a highly cultivated country, everywhere presenting that aspect of deep and somewhat sombre green, peculiar to England. We passed several towns and villages of brick, all covered with a sort of olive colored paint, or encrusted with brown moss, engendered by the moisture of the climate. We saw a few villages consisting of thatched cottages which looked picturesque, but unwholesome from their apparent dampness.

On the whole, England has a richer look than France. Indeed no country compares with England in the perfection of its agriculture, the finish of its roads, the snugness and solidity of its dwellings.

The hedges too, which chequer the fields, give life and beauty to a landscape, otherwise somewhat dark and sullen, at least to an American, and especially to one coming from France. The aspect of the people, with all its John Bullism, is an attractive one. As a nation, the English surpass all others in personal beauty. Among the country people of France, nineteen in twenty are ugly : in England a large majority are good looking. There are more really handsome men and women in England than in the United States.

In two hours after leaving Dover, we entered the suburbs of London. On our left we had a distant view of the celebrated Crystal Palace at Sydenham. Hurrying along amidst a wilderness of dwellings, and in some places, passing over the tops of chimneys belonging to the streets which lay below us, we reached the station. Here we took a hack and drove to our lodgings.

We remained two months in this wonderful city, almost as big as twenty Bostons or four NewYorks! We visited many of its curiosities; but it is not my intention to describe them, for it would require a large book just to give a tolerable account of these,

alone. I think our walks and talks about London would be quite as instructive as those about Paris, and at some future time I may undertake to publish them; but as I have promised to insert a few smaller stories in this volume, to please some of my little friends, I must hasten to the end of this chapter, which will be the end of our wanderings.

We left London, and took our way northward toward Scotland. At one time, as we passed along, we were all in a state of great excitement at the wonderful beauty of the land—its rich, smooth pastures teeming with the finest sheep and cattle, and its hedge-chequered landscapes, spreading far and wide, over hill and dale. At another time we spoke of London, and sometimes of Paris, often comparing the two. I must give a specimen of our dialogues upon France and England.

Isaac.—This is really a splendid country and, in one respect, I like it better than France. The houses here are scattered over the land. The farmers appear to live in the midst of their farms, while in France, you see vast spaces without a single house; and then you come to a town or village, the houses being all packed together like

honey-comb. This system makes the country dull and the towns crowded. Every village in France is in fact a little dirty city.

Isabel.—Yes, but every thing looks rather dark and dingy here in England. In France the sun shines clear and bright. The houses in the towns are all light-colored, and then, the people are abroad in the open air. It is a great deal more cheerful than it is here. Every morning in England, we have fog till ten o'clock; and then, through the day, we have a sort of gray mist in the atmosphere.

Isaac.— You talk of the people in France living out of doors; I suppose that is because they are not comfortable in their houses. It not that the reason, Mr. Merry?

Merry.—I rather think that the climate of the two countries greatly modifies the manners and customs of the people. It is certainly true that in France they live a great deal in the open air. Children, from their infancy, are frequently taken abroad by their nurses, usually several hours every day. Men and women work together in the fields. Washing, and a great deal of other house work, is done out of doors. In the towns as well as in the country, you

see men and women sitting, eating and working in the streets fronting their houses. Every where the workmen take their naps, between the hours of labor, in the fields or along the roads. All the hackmen in Paris sleep on their boxes when not employed. Errand-runners are constantly seen sleeping on their little trucks, by the side-walks. In country villages, along the great roads, you see girls dressing their hair, and mothers combing their children's heads, out of doors. Every where you see people walking, dancing, sitting and gossiping in public squares and beneath the trees.

Now all this arises, partly at least, from the nature of the climate, which permits and invites this out door life. In England, the frequent fogs and rains forbid it. Hence, while the French live much abroad, the English live much at home. To the former a pleasant house is of less consequence than it is to the latter; and hence the Frenchman neglects his, while the Englishman does every thing in his power, to make his pleasant and comfortable. If you wish to see the best of an Englishman, you must see him at home. Such are the effects of climate to be observed in these two countries. This out door life

makes the Frenchman sociable, polished and polite, because he lives a great deal in public, and here he puts on his best appearance: on the contrary, the dull climate of England drives the English into their homes for happiness. Nothing is so cosy or comfortable as an Englishman's house. If you meet him in the street, as a stranger, he is apt to seem gruff, rude, insolent even, if you have something to say to him. But if you see him at home with his family and friends, you will find him in the highest degree hospitable, generous and free hearted.

Isaac. — Then you prefer the English to the French?

Merry. — Both have their virtues, and both no doubt, their faults. There is certainly a great difference between them. It is wonderful that two nations, separated only by a narrow sea, can be so different in character and manners. They not only speak different languages, but the houses are different, the roads are different, the dress is different, the travelling vehicles are different, the tastes are different, the money is different, the looks of the people are different, the religion is different, even the ideas of right and wrong are different.

Isabel.—I believe that is all true, and especially the latter. In England they keep the sabbath as a holy day; in France it is a play day. In France they pay worship to the virgin Mary and to saints; in England this is idolatry, for worship is thought here, exclusively due to God. In France it is not generally deemed wicked to tell fibs, if no harm is done, and in point of fact, it is not thought necessary by anybody, rigidly to stick to the truth; but in England it is not only wicked, but a shame to lie.

Merry.—There is certainly much reason for what you say; according to our ideas of right and wrong the French are very loose in some of their moral and religious principles. Being of English descent, we are more like the English, and naturally prefer the state of things here. The sabbath, considered as a play day or a fete day, is without dignity and reverence. Set apart for communion with God, it is one of the most sublime and beautiful of all earthly institutions. Truth, to us, is one of the attributes of God; he who loves truth, so far ennobles his soul; he who violates it, deforms that image of God in which he was created. No man can be good without the love and practice of truth; no

nation which is loose and easy in respect to it, can be truly great. Habitual lying, either in a little or a great way, withers the soul. But while we censure the conduct of the French in some points, we must not overlook their merits. In many things they are worthy of imitation. Their manners are charming; from the highest to the lowest, politeness is universal. The master always speaks kindly and civilly to his servants; the people of high station would consider it degrading to them to speak in a harsh and haughty manner to people beneath them; the lowest may address the highest, without fear of offence. A workman going along the streets of Paris, may ask a prince who is smoking, to stop and let him light his cigar.

This politeness, this kindness, this equality of manners, is a great charm in France; and the cheerfulness of the people, their readiness to be pleased, their disposition to look at the bright side of things, is also a great virtue. It diffuses a vast deal of happiness over life and society.

Isabel. — It seems to me, Mr. Merry, that, so far as outside goes, you prefer the French; but when

you come to the inside, to principles and character, you prefer the English.

Merry.— That is a pretty good guess, Izzy.

Isaac.— Well, if the outside of the French is so pleasant, I suppose it is the reason why strangers find France so agreeable. The English outside is sour and rough, and so strangers don't like England or the English.

Isabel.— I suppose then, that France may be the most agreeable to travel in; but England would be the best place to live in.

Merry.— You are quite a philosopher, Izzy; but do you see that cloud of smoke pouring out of yonder forest of chimnies, tall as steeples?

Isaac.— I see them!

Isabel.— And I see them!

Merry.— That is Birmingham!

In three days after we left London we were at Edinburgh. We visited the Old Town and the New Town, admiring the quaint old smoky streets of the one, and the nice handsome streets of the other. We went to the Castle, and saw the jewels of the former kings and queens of Scotland. We went to Calton-Hill and had a magnificent view of the unri-

valled scenery around. We visited the lofty and imposing monument to Walter Scott; we went to Holyrood, the ancient palace so interesting from its associations with the unhappy Queen Mary.

We went to the top of Arthur's seat — a rocky mountain peak in the vicinity, and had an enchanting prospect of the sea to the north, of the mountains to the west, and the swelling hills far, far away to the south.

We made a trip to the Highlands — to Loch Katrine, Loch Lomond, Ben Lomond and other places whose names are familiar to all readers of Scottish history, song or romance. I dare not even begin to describe them, for I should not know when and where to stop. To my companions, our travels here, were a perpetual revel of the highest enjoyment. Every blue lake, every silvery stream, every tall mountain, had a name which made their young hearts beat, because they had read of it in some book, or because it lingered in their remembrance amid the rhymes of some favorite song. Oh! who can tell the delight of travelling among the scenes and objects, over which time and distance and youth-

ful impressions, spread the rainbow hues of association.

Before we came to Loch Katrine, we bought Scott's poem of the Lady of the Lake, and though all had read it before, we now read it over again. This greatly heightened our pleasure, for we could begin at Stirling castle, and actually trace the whole locality of the poem, as if it had been a book devoted to the geography of the tale. Izzy had stored all its most descriptive passages in her memory, and she added much to our gratification by repeating them in presence of the scenes they described.

We left Scotland and made a hasty trip to Ireland — the land of poverty and fun, ignorance and wit, silver tongues and rough brogues; of a people always singing the praises of their country, and always emigrating from it : an island over which nature has spread the green of the Emerald, but which history clothes in sackloth and ashes!

We took passage in one of the Collins steamers at Liverpool, for New York. Again the weather was, for the most part, fair. My travelling companions were little affected by sea sickness, and they had opportunity to note the incidents of our voyage. We

had many pleasant people on board. Ike and Izzy formed some acquaintances which have lasted even since our residence on shore. At last we reached New York, full of delight at all we had seen and enjoyed, and yet with a sort of impression that the best part of a journey is the satisfaction of getting home again!

Typ. Ernest Meyer.

MIND YOUR Ps & Qs POLLY!-

A DIALOGUE ON PARROTS.

Anne. I have a question to ask you, Mr. Merry: do parrots think?

Merry. Tell me in the first place why you ask.

Anne. They can speak; and speech seems to imply thought.

Merry. I am afraid a great many people talk without thinking.

Anne. Mamma says that those talk most who think least; but both Jane and myself have been trying to teach my parrot her *a, b, c,* and pretty work she makes of it. She can repeat sentences and even sing a song; but when it comes to reading, she is quite ridiculous. She pretends to look at the book, and try very hard to learn; she rolls up her eyes, and even scratches her head, just as Jane does when I hear her say her

lessons, but I have never been able to teach her a single letter from the book. Look there — Jane is trying to teach her!

Jane (putting the book before the parrot) What is that?

Parrot. What is that?

Jane. Mind your Ps and Qs, Polly.

Parrot. Mind your Ps and Qs, Polly.

Jane. What a dunce you are!

Parrot. What a dunce you are!

Jane. I'll give you the switch, if you don't mind.

Parrot. I'll give you the switch, if you don't mind.

Anne. You see, Mr. Merry, how it is: poor Poll only repeats what is said to her.

Merry. Yes, she is a sort of echo; do you remember that spicy dialogue which some one has made, on the disposition of the parrot to imitate the last word she has heard from the lips of others?

Anne. I have never heard it.

Merry. Well here it is in this little book. Read it to me.

Anne. (reads).

In this dialogue, Mary and Ellen and their brother James, are talking together, and Poll Parrot keeps putting in her word, and makes mischief.

Mary. There is James, coming from school, with his bag of books slung over his shoulder. I will run and tell him what uncle Thomas has brought home for us.

Ellen. I know he will wish it had been a monkey. He is always talking about monkeys.

Mary. Monkeys are dirty, mischievous creatures. I like pretty Poll as well again as a monkey. James! James! make haste, and come here. Uncle Thomas has brought something for us.

James. Is it a monkey?

Ellen. There, now! I knew he would ask whether it was a monkey.

Mary. Oh brother, it is a great deal prettier than a monkey! It is a beautiful parrot, all green and gold, except a little tip of red on the tail. Come and see!

[*James follows his sister into the house. She offers the parrot a piece of apple. Poll takes it in her claw, and eats it very genteelly.*]

Mary. Is she not a handsome creature, James? Pretty Poll!

Parrot. Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll!

Ellen. How plain she speaks!

James. I should like a monkey better. What a vain thing she is, to keep saying "Pretty Poll!"

Parrot. Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll!

[*James laughs; the parrot laughs like him, and that makes James angry.*]

James. What do you mean by mocking me!

Parrot. What do you mean by mocking me? Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll!

James. You saucy thing!

Parrot. You saucy thing!

[*James takes up an apple core, and throws it at her cage.*]

Ellen. Now, James, don't be angry with pretty Poll; though you are a little pepper-box.

Parrot. Little pepper-box!

James. What made you say that word? That ugly parrot has learned it. You know I hate to be called a pepper-box.

Parrot. Pepper-box!

James. Hold your tongue, Poll. [*Parrot laughs.*]

Mary. Never mind, brother. Ellen did not mean to teach it to Poll; and Poll will soon forget it. Poll don't know the meaning of what she says; so what's the use of minding her?

James. That is true, Mary dear. You are a kind little soul, and always try to make peace. But I don't like Miss Poll Parrot half as well as I should like a monkey, for all her bright feathers.

Parrot. Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll!

Ellen. A monkey is so ugly looking, and so full of mischief.

James. Some of the small ones have glossy green coats, as handsome as Miss Poll's; and as for mischief, I guess you will find pretty Poll mischievous enough. But now I will tell you a secret, girls. You know to-morrow is mother's birthday. I have been saving all my money, on purpose to buy a present for her. But don't you say a word. I don't want mother to know any thing about it, till she sees it on her table.

Mary and Ellen. What is it? What is it?

James. A work-box.

[*The girls jump and clap their hands.*]

A work-box! What a pretty present!

Parrot. A work-box! What a pretty present!

James. I declare, Poll knows the secret; and now she will blab. But there, you may just peep at the box!

[*He opens his bag, and the girls call out.*]

Oh, how pretty!

[*Their mother enters.*]

Mother. What is so pretty? What have you there, my son?

Parrot. A work-box! What a pretty present!

James. There! I knew the mischievous thing would blab.

[*He throws a stick at her cage.*]

Parrot. Pepper-box!

[*James tries to run out, and falls over a footstool. The parrot laughs.*]

Mother. What *is* the matter? Why is James so vexed?

Parrot. Pepper-box!

[*Mary goes out, and soon returns, leading her brother by the hand.*]

James. The fact is, dear mother, I bought a present for your birthday, and wanted to keep

it a secret till to-morrow. But that ugly old parrot told it all.

Mary. She is not ugly, or old, James.

Parrot. Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll!

Mother. It is a beautiful present, my son; and it makes me very happy that you should be so thoughtful about my birthday.

James. Dear mother, you always think of something to make us happy. It would be strange if we did not sometimes think of you. I am sorry I was angry; for I resolved, a good while ago, not to be a pepper-box any more. Oh, you saucy Poll!

[*He laughs, and shakes his fist at the cage.*]

Parrot. Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll!

Mary. I am sorry you found out about the present sooner than James wanted you to, mother. But the parrot was not to blame. She does not know the meaning of what she says.

James. That is true, dear sis; and I did wrong to call her a vain thing for saying Pretty Poll.

Parrot. Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll!

James. Oh, yes; I dare say you will have the last word.

Parrot. Oh, yes; Oh, yes. Pretty Poll!

Anne (*having closed the book*). It is exactly so with my parrot; she just repeats the last words she has heard.

Merry. And you see that in the dialogue, Mary thinks the bird does not know the meaning of what she says.

Anne. Yes, that is plain enough, but sometimes parrots do seem to understand what they say; and I should like to know whether they have sense and thought.

Merry. Again I ask, why do you wish to know?

Anne. Because I intend to punish Poll, if she really does understand the meaning of my words, and don't obey me.

Merry. What right have you to require her to obey you, and to punish her if she disobeys you?

Anne. Don't she belong to me? Don't I feed her and take care of her? Have'nt I bought a cage for her, and put a nice glass cup in it for her to drink out of, and a little trough for her to eat out of? And for all this ought she not to obey me?

Merry. I will answer all your questions by and

by; but you must first tell me for whose benefit it is that you keep this parrot shut up in prison?

Anne. In prison, indeed! I should think the creature but too happy to live in such a beautiful cage!

Merry. Perhaps you do not reflect upon the nature of this bird. She was born in a country of perpetual summer. Her home was amid forests, always covered with fragrant flowers and rich fruit. Here she was at liberty to fly about at her pleasure. She could take a nap in the shade of the trees, or flutter from place to place, in search of food and enjoyment. God gave her a sociable, loving disposition, and placed her amid flocks of other parrots, all sociable and loving like herself. Now do you think she is happier here—a prisoner, separated from her country, from her native clime, from her native forests, from her parents, brothers, sisters and companions!

Anne. I suppose not.

Merry. Well then, you do not keep her here for her benefit, but for your pleasure?

Anne. I suppose it is so.

Merry. And of course she owes you no obedience merely because you possess her, because you feed

her, because you have bought a cage for her. In all this you are entirely selfish; you do it to please yourself, not to please her; you make her the mere instrument of your pleasure.

Anne. Is this wrong?

Merry. No: it is not wrong, because God has given man power over the brute creation, and permitted him to make them the instruments of his pleasure. We may not indeed, do this cruelly, for it would be an abuse of our privilege. A merciful man— that is, a good man— is merciful even to a beast.

Anne. Then you do not think Poll is under any obligation to me for taking care of her?

Merry. No; you are under obligation to her for the pleasure she gives you; and more than that, you are under the obligation of the law of God to treat her kindly, and try to make her happy; for it is only on this condition that he permits us to take away the liberty of animals.

Anne. It seems to me you almost make a human being of poor Poll.

Merry. No. *Do to another as you would have another do to you:* that is the law which God has

given to regulate our conduct with human beings. As to animals, he gave man dominion over the birds of the air, the fishes of the sea and the beasts of the field.

Anne. And why is there such a difference in the laws of God, for all are his creatures?

Merry. Certainly all are his creatures; but they differ in their nature, capacity and destiny. You have asked me if parrots think. Doubtless they have something which approaches to thought. A great many anecdotes are told which seem to show on their part, a degree of reasoning and reflection; but not greater, nor indeed so great as is evinced by many other animals. Their speech is mere imitation. It is their nature, their instinct, to repeat the sounds they hear, and having a tongue like that of man placed in the roof of a hollow bill, like the roof of the human mouth, they readily catch and imitate certain short sentences, which are frequently repeated to them. This is the extent of those capacities which have so much excited the curiosity of mankind.

Anne. But I thought parrots the most knowing of all animals.

Merry. No; the Magpie is much superior to them. We have not this bird in America, or at least not in this part of it. I have however seen it in Europe, and read a great deal about it. Its character is not a very pleasant one, for it is at once a thief and a glutton; it often steals a stray chicken from the hen, plunders a nest of its eggs, or snaps up a young bird that falls in its way. It is a sort of cannibal, for it will feast on a young magpie, if it gets a chance. No food comes amiss; it will feed on carrion with the raven, or pick up grain with the rooks; if it falls in with food beyond its present want, it will hide it as a provision for the future. It often lights on the backs of sheep and cattle and picks up the insects that it finds there. It torments these beasts, and if they turn back their heads to threaten it, it will stretch out its neck all ready for combat. It evidently knows it is safe, or at least that it has nothing to fear but a whisk of the tail.

Anne. All this shows great cunning, certainly.

Merry. Yes, but the jay displays even superior sagacity. If he sees a sportsman in the woods, he will cry out with a loud noise, and thus warn all

the game within hearing. He has also great powers of imitating sounds. One of them has been known to imitate the noise of a saw, so as to make people suppose a carpenter was at work in the house. Another learned, when cattle approached, to call the dog, so that he came and drove them away. Our American blue jay is a fellow of great humor and ability. He seems to be to the feathered tribes of the forest, what a drummer or trumpeter is, in the village. He has a great variety of modulations, and appears to suit his voice to circumstances, sometimes imitating the mewing of a cat, sometimes the creaking of a wheelbarrow, sometimes the scolding of a shrew. He takes great pleasure in tormenting the owl, and often sets all the birds of the wood against him. He has great powers of mimicry, and is an everlasting teaze, especially of the sparrow-hawk. When he sees one of these birds, he squeaks out as if caught, and then the blue jays of the neighborood come round the hawk, flying at him, and making noises, as if they were calling him all the hard names in the dictionary.

Anne. That is very curious; and now I recollect that crows can count as far as one, two, three. A

man who had been troubled with crows in his grounds, often attempted to kill them; but they knew what a gun was as well as he did, and therefore got out of his reach. He then concluded to put a small booth in the field, and place some carrion—a dead horse—within gun shot. From this place, he supposed he could fire at them when they alighted, to eat. Whenever he would enter the booth, the crows would all stay upon the distant trees, and not one would come down until he was gone; then all would alight except the sentinel, who remained to give warning if danger approached. The gentleman, finding his plan fail, thought he would deceive them. So he took his son with him to the booth, concluding that when they had seen one go away, they perhaps would think the coast clear, and descend to the bait. But when his son left the booth, a crow sang out "caw, caw, caw!" which meant there goes one—but not a crow would leave his place. The next day the gentleman took two sons with him to the booth, and then let them depart, one at a time. The crows on the trees saw the two, and cried out, "There goes one!" in their own peculiar dialect: then when the other went, "There goes two!" but they would not alight,

for they had counted three, when they entered. The day following, the gentleman took three others with him. When they went out one by one, the crows cried, "There goes one,"—"There goes two," —" There goes three!" and when these men were out of sight, they all alighted, and the gun of the fourth man did its work. This gentleman stated that the experiment had been tried repeatedly, and it was evident that crows could count as far as three, but their arithmetic ended there.

Merry. It is a very good anecdote, and well illustrates the degree of intelligence which belongs to certain birds. There are quadrupeds too, which display similar sense and reflection. To a certain extent all animals may be said to think, although what we call instinct, is their chief guide. Yet they are capable of some teaching; they all profit in some degree by experience; they all, in some instances, display powers of reasoning. Yet none of them rise to a knowledge of God. None of them know his laws. Their existence is limited to this life. How different it is with man! He knows God and his law; he has a soul to appreciate right and wrong,

and that soul survives the grave, and enters upon an immortal existence.

Anne. I see there is a great difference between the animal creation and mankind; the former seems made only for this world; the latter are made also for another, and a higher state of being.

Merry. Yes, and hence you see the reason of this difference in the laws which regulate our conduct toward God's creatures. Animals are made for this earth, and man has dominion over them; but God alone has dominion over man, because man is made for that eternity of which God only is the master.

Anne. Yet children are called upon to obey their parents?

Merry. God has given a law to that effect; he has given to parents the right to require the obedience of their children: he has commanded children to render this obedience. But you must understand that this is for the benefit of children; and parents who use their authority for any other object, are guilty of wrong and violence.

Anne. But are we not authorised, in some cases, to exercise dominion over man?

Merry. Yes, for their benefit, but not otherwise. You must keep in mind two broad distinctions; we may use animals for our own good, exclusively, provided we do not do it cruelly. But when we come to human beings we can use them only for their good. God has given man dominion over animals, because they are of this earth; but man is born for eternity, and God has reserved to himself exclusively, the government of that eternity and all who belong to it. Man then has rights above his fellow man, and which belong only to God.

Anne. I am not sure that I fully understand you.

Merry. Let us take the instance of this parrot. According to the rule I have laid down, you may deprive it of liberty or life, merely for your own pleasure, if you do not do it cruelly, for such is the law of God. But when you come to human beings, then you can only interfere with their liberty or their life, for their good. If you do this selfishly, you have audaciously interfered with God's privilege. To take away a man's liberty for your own good, is robbery: to take man's life for your own good, is murder. Such is the law that God an-

nounced at Sinai, and it has never been repealed.

Anne. I have somewhere read that in India the people believe that animals have souls, and hence they will not take animal food.

Merry. The Brahmins hold to the doctrine of metempsychosis; that is they believe that the soul of man passes into animals, and after a time returns into the human form again. It is a point of religion with some of them therefore, to refuse animal food, for they fear they may thus eat a piece of their uncle, or aunt, or grandmother. There are sects who even go farther, and devote themselves to taking care of poor old rats, respectable cows and unfortunate goats. They have hospitals, convents, monasteries for these brutes, and there are priests and nuns who think they are doing God service by attending to these pious duties.

Anne. Do you suppose they really think so?

Merry. No doubt of it. In Hindostan the people seem a race that has become old, worn out and sunk into a sort of second childhood. They were once very learned; but learning sometimes dwindles into folly. Even in Christian countries there are thousands of people thus passed into the dotage of

their religion and who act quite as absurdly as these Hindoo monks and nuns, inasmuch as they shut themselves up in convents, and spend their lives in useless and idle ceremonies, believing that God looks with approbation upon such perversion of their faculties!

Anne. It is very strange.

Merry. Yes, and very mournful, too. I have sometimes thought that the animal creation fulfilled their destiny more completely than man. You rarely see a brute act as he ought not to act; while you seldom see a human being, in all things, do precisely as he should. The one, it is true, acts for the most part, by instinct, which impels him by a sort of necessity. The other has the power of choice, and too often he chooses amiss. Nevertheless, the distinction between man and the animals is immense, as well in their faculties as in their destiny. A beaver is an ingenious brute; but what is the house of a beavers to a human habitation? What is a village of beavers to a human city—to New York, London or Paris? What is the passing life, here on earth, of birds and beasts to the immortality which opens to the soul of man? What is the

mere feeding of their bodies and the gratifying of their appetites, to the pure and solemn worship rendered by glorifield spirits to the everlasting and Omnipotent Deity, which is offered in prospect to human beings!

LUCY AND HER LAMB.

Once upon a time, there was a girl who bore the name of Lucy Lane, and who had a pet lamb to which she had given the title of Skip. She was the only child of a farmer who lived in a snug house, among the hills which skirt the western shores of Lake Champlain and which lie within the verge of the state of New York.

The house in which Lucy lived was a small, low, brown building of wood; but it was charmingly situated on the bank of a little bright stream which had its source in the mountains, and which, after a short and rapid race, tumbled into the lake. The hills around, sloped sharply down to a narrow valley which lay in full view before the front of the farm-

house. The valley was a blooming meadow, and the hill sides were divided between pastures and crops of wheat and Indian corn.

Such was the estate of farmer Lane and such was Lucy's home. The faermr himself was a sober honest man, proud of his little, hilly farm, content with his plain homespun wife, and very much devoted to his handsome daughter, Lucy. She was in fact a very nice girl — some dozen years of age, and in the eyes of both father and mother, a prodigy of comeliness, wit and wisdom. It is true, the farmer made few displays of his feelings either in looks or words, and as to the mother, she was nearly half the time occupied in scolding her daughter. Nevertheless the father seldom went to one of the neighbouring towns and villages, without bringing Lucy some token of kindness; and the mother could hardly do enough for her, especially in the way of dress— a matter in which Lucy took a deep interest.

Among farmer Lane's presents to his daughter was a lamb, which, being born early in the spring, while yet the hills were covered with snow, was nigh perishing. Lucy took it to the house, fed it

Typ. Ernest Meyer.

ASK FOR IT, NANNY!

with milk, kept it warm, and thus brought it up. When the spring was fairly opened, Skip became her companion, and followed her like a dog. They went together, far over the hills, and through the woods; Lucy never seeming to feel lonely, if the lamb was at her side, and he never seeming happy, if she was out of sight. The friendship had even something of the intimacy which belongs to the intercourse of two children. Lucy often spoke to him as if he could understand her: she praised or chided, or entreated him, as if he had been a child under her tutelage. He replied by looks and the speech nature had given him. They seemed to understand each other perfectly.

Now farmer Lane's house was about two miles from any other dwelling, and therefore neither he, nor his family had much society. Lucy had in fact no companion but Skip, and few amusements except rambles with him. Sometimes she would occupy herself during her walks, with collecting an apron full of flowers; sometimes she would saunter along the banks of the rivulet or beneath the arches of the forests, wrapt in reverie; sometimes she would sit down and make wreaths of oak leaves, pinned to-

gether with thorns; sometimes she would gather honeysuckle-apples, thimble-berries or some other wild mountain fruit.

So passed away the spring, the summer, and at last the autumn. The leaves of the trees which had glowed in glaring red, yellow and purple, were now strewed upon the ground. The nuts had been opened by the frost and shaken down by the November gales. The winds were chill, and the aspect of nature was bleak and sombre. Yet Lucy and Skip took their accustomed walks, often for miles, over the ridges and valleys, and penetrating even to the top of a neighboring mountain, whose blue peaks seemed to overlook the hills and peer into the hollows around.

But one morning, as Lucy was about to set forth on an excursion, her father somewhat abruptly told her not to go.

"And why not"? said the child half in surprise, half in anger, for she was not accustomed to being crossed in her wishes. I must add that she was naturally conceited, and having been long indulged, she was very headstrong and determined, in pursuing

her own plans. "Why not?" said she, smartly in reply to her father.

"It is going to snow," said he.

"Well, I shall like it all the better."

"But you may get lost in the mountains."

"Pooh! I am too much used to the mountains to get lost in them: I know them all by heart."

"That may be, but you must not go to day."

"Really, papa, you are so absurd!" said Lucy, and paying no more attention to his commands, she took her way to the woods. Skip followed and for some hours, they rambled along the hills. It was a mild autumn morning, and not even thinking of her disobedience, Lucy proceeded in her walk. Involved in some interesting train of thought, she took no heed to her steps for some time. At last finding herself in a thick, tangled wood, she began to look about and soon discovered that the place was new to her. Somewhat alarmed, she quickened her pace, but the faster she went, the more strange and wild was the scene. "Dear me," said she, pausing and growing pale with a sort of fright—"I believe I am lost!" At the same moment Skip came to her side, looked around and bleated piteously. Lucys

heart sank within her; but she was a brave girl, and not easily discouraged, so she ascended a hill near by, and took a view of the scene around. It was all new to her, and what was still more startling, the clouds had thickened in the sky, and amid the silence which had settled over the face of nature, the snow had begun to fall in a fine, feathery mist, the sure sign of an impending storm.

Lucy paused to collect her senses. "What shall I do?" was the pressing question she put to herself. It was difficult to give an answer. In her hesitation she looked in the face of Skip, now shivering in the chill air, and pressing to her side for warmth. He returned her gaze, but only answered with a prolonged, trembling cry. His vivacity was gone; he seemed conscious of some present danger and coming disaster. Lucy took him in her arms, and though her heart was oppressed and her step heavy, she carried him along for a considerable distance. At last, worn out with fatigue, she put him down, continuing to walk, while the lamb trotted at her heels. The day now began to wane: the clouds, darkened by the shadows of coming night, had a lowering aspect like the frown of an

angry giant. The snow had increased and now fell in a wide sheet, rippling upon the naked, frozen branches of the forest, with that chilling whisper which foretells the tempest. Nor was this long in coming. After a short space, the tree tops began to bend, and writhe and moan; and then the blast came, and the forest roared like the many voiced waves of the ocean. At the same time, the night fell like a pall over the scene.

Lucy's mind wandered, and her steps became unsteady. She however scambled on, for any thing seemed better than to stand still. In this awful moment, the instinct of her little simple, shivering friend, became her deliverance. Seeming to comprehend that Lucy's reason was gone, he placed himself before her, and trotted along through the wood. He could see as well in the night as in the day, and thus he selected a clear path in the tangled forest. Lucy nearly unconscious, followed behind him.

For a full half hour, they proceeded steadily, except that every minute, the lamb would stop and bleat as if his heart would break. But alas! the woods roared all the same, taking no heed of

the piteous wail of the little wanderer. Nevertheless, it seemed to ease his mind, for when he had uttered his cry, he wagged his tail, looked back to see that Lucy was coming, and then trotted more cheerily on.

Thus they proceeded, but the snow was now deep, and both Lucy and the lamb labored heavily in the drifts. Several times Lucy paused, completely exhausted, and a drowsy feeling came over her, half inclining her to lie down and die. But she now began to recognize the objects around her. She knew that they were in the valley, a short distance from home. She was nigh fainting, but she took courage and struggled on. At last, through the thick clouds of falling snow, she saw the house. At the same moment, her senses fled and she fell helpless to the ground.

The little lamb came to her side, and seeming to comprehend the terrible emergency, he uttered a bleat so shrill, so despairing, that it penetrated even through the roar of the storm. It met the ear oft he farmer, who was abroad in search of his daughter; he soon found her and carried her to the house where her mother's care speedily restored her. The lamb reached the

house, and staggered to the bed side of his little mistress. A faint moan escaped from his lips and a shiver ran through his frame. Lucy, just awaked to consciousness, heard the voice of her pet. She looked and saw that he was dead!

FILIAL PIETY.

"Go and find Elisabeth, and tell her to come and play with us," said Louisa, a little fair haired girl, making vigorous use of a long stick with which she was knocking down the nuts from the trees along the lane, through which she and her companions were rambling.

" Oh! She will not come," said her little friend Rosa, in reply.

"And why not?" said Louisa.

" I only know she never does join us," replied Rosa. If it were Sunday, of course she would refuse, for she is too good to go out nutting when others go to church; but now it is saturday, and a half holiday, and our parents not only gave us leave

to go, but beside that, we have Mrs. Hobbes, the minister's sister, with us, and we may of course do any thing that she approves, for she is a perfect village oracle. Therefore with all propriety, Elisabeth might join us if she wished to."

"I will tell you the reason she is not here," said Louisa, her black eyes full of mischief. "When we call Elisabeth with a loud voice,—'Lisa, come here, over here with us, we will have such fun!' —she always answers in a soft tone: 'I am sorry not to join you, but mother has need of me.' If you ask her to come and sit under the shade of the trees, and talk, laugh or sew, she replies.—'I should like to join you, but I cannot leave Mama, alone.' We often wish her to go to some fair, take a ride on the farm horses, or go out on a pic-nic; but her answer is ever ready: 'Some other time, dear Louisa; but to day mother is not well, and I should not be happy to go out, when I know she is suffering at home.' Her father, mother, grand mother, and even her little brother of four years old, who is for ever hanging at her apron strings, are brought into every sentence she utters. I do get so tired of their names!"

"It is a real shame!" said little Rosa, at the same time pulling the curly hair out of her eyes, that she might see where the nuts were the thickest.

"It is getting to be very tedious," said Louisa, "and I think positively stupid; and, beside that, none of the family are too agreable. Her father is as rough and cross a bear, and as fiery as his own forge; her mother has a temper that very few can get along with; her grand mother is old and childish, and her little brother is a regular cry-baby."

"But after all," said Rosa," you cannot blame Lisa for she only does her duty. Our good pastor tells us every Sunday, 'honor thy father and mother, that thy days may be long in the land."

"In that case," said Julia, another of the group, who had until that moment been but a listener, "Elizabeth ought to live the common age of mortals, over and over again."

"She will be a second Methusaleh!" replied Louisa, in a sarcastic tone; "and what is worst of all, our mothers are for ever quoting her perfections, 'Lisa would do so and so;' 'Lisa would

never speak in that way!' Your mother says to you, Rose, that Lisa will be blessed through life; Julia's mother thinks there is no one like Lisa for sewing; and as for my mother, why she sings her praises from morning till night; or if she talks of any thing else, it is to enumerate a long list of my own faults. Now this ought not to last any longer, for we are all tired of it. Let us unite against Lisa, and make her do something wrong! I am not jealous, but I don't want to see her always set above us like a saint in the niche of a church. She must come down to our level, and thus silence this everlasting chaunt of her virtues, throughout the village. Here she is this minute just gone into the poultry-yard to feed the chickens! Now all, follow my example," and she called out — "Lisa! Lisa!"

A pretty, gentle looking girl came and leaned over the wall, smiling with pleasure at seeing her young friends; while not far removed, Mrs. Hobbes sat knitting under the trees, keeping her young flock within sight, but not near enough, as she was a little deaf, to overhear their conversation.

"Well, Lisa, will you come and walk with us?" said Louisa.

"Oh do, there's a dear girl," said Rose: "You so seldom amuse yourself. See how green the grass is, how shady the lane looks, and hear how the birds are singing; they seem to call us out into the beautiful fields. Come, we will sing, as joyously as they. Won't you be one of us?"

"I am truly sorry, my dear friends to refuse, but—"

"There— what did I tell you?" cried Louisa triumphantly; "her brother, I suppose, has got the hooping cough, or her mother has the tooth-ache, or her father is in a bad humor, just because he does not know how to be in a good one, or—"

"No no, Louisa; it is not for these reasons; but grand-mother—"

"Oh! that's it! Your grandma has got a cough as ancient as herself, or the rheumatism, of which she talks from New Year to Christmas; or she has some other old woman's complaint. She never is in want of something to whine or groan about!"

"Oh Louisa!" said Lisa gravely, "how can you talk so! You always say you love me, and I believe

you do; but do you think it is a proof of friendship to turn all the members of my family into ridicule?

"Your family! And a kind one it is to you! Did I not myself see your father box your ears twice, the other day?"

"Yes; but I deserved it for having answered him disrespectfully."

"Does not your mother scold you from morning till night?"

"Her duty is to correct me when I fail in mine."

"Your grand-mother is half an idiot!"

"So much the more reason for my being gentle and attentive to her. When I was very little, and she was strong and vigorous, like these grand old oaks, she used to hold me in her arms, hour after hour; she was patient with my infant pettishness, and took turns with mother in rocking me to sleep. They both gave up half their night's rest to ensure me repose. They worked industriously by the light of their dim lamp, keeping my cradle moving with their feet. When I was restless, they soothed my slumbers with some soft lullaby. My childhood

was sickly, and my parents poor; so my grand mother sold her silver watch to pay for my medecine, and gave her old gold-mounted cane in exchange for the doctor's visits to me," and the young girl's eyes filled with tears.

"You are a good and grateful daughter, Lisa!" said the kind hearted, but throughtless group around her.

"You are worth all the rest of us put together!" said little Rosa, half to herself.

"Yes," said Louisa, smiling—"You are better than we are, but leave your chickens for half a minute, and come through the fence, so that we may see you."

The girls understanding Louisa's design, stood ready to execute it, and bear off Elisabeth in spite of her resistance. She, far from suspecting the plot, had just opened the gate to come out, when an event occurred which made the conspirators pause, and in fact changed their plans. "Good afternoon, my children!" said a calm, full voice — and the village pastor stood before them. "How are all your family, Elisabeth?" added the worthy man.

Pretty well, I thank you, sir, " said the young girl with a reverential air.

" Oh! I have a good idea," whispered Louisa to her frends: " the minister is very kind and good to us, and I am going to ask him about this affair. "Mr. Leonard, Sir!" she said, calling after the gray-headed pastor, who was passing on toward the farm-house : " Mr. Leonard! " He turned back toward the group saying : " What do you wish, my child? "

" I want to ask you a question, Sir; Lisa has been giving us all sorts of foolish reasons for not passing her holiday afternoon with us. She is a perfect martyr to her family, getting up with the cock, yet putting out her lamp the last in the village : she works constantly, and never takes any recreation. I know that the Bible bids us honor our father and mother, but in no part of it did I ever read that it was our duty to kill ourselves for our father and mother! Does not God wish us to take care of our own healh and strength? "

" Certainly, " replied the good pastor, with a grave smile : " God wishes us as much as possible to depend upon our own resources, while yet he tempers

the wind to the shorn lamb; but his heavy curse will fall upon the child who neglects his parents. You ought to know that, for I have often repeated it to you all, in my sermons. By the way, I hear you are not as attentive at church as the holiness of the place requires."

"It is that good for nothing Maurice, that told you all those disagreeable things," said Louisa; "and if he had not gone to the East Indies, I should have a word or two to say to him, in return for his tell-tale disposition. What he has said was untrue, for instead of laughing and playing in church, I am on the contrary so quiet, that many of the busy bodies of the village say that I sleep through the whole service!" So you see". —

"It is not Maurice, my child, who tells me day after day, of your continual disobedience to your mother; nor is it he who said yesterday in my hearing, that Louisa was passionate and impertinent even to her father!"

Louisa hung her head for a moment in silence, while her face was covered with blushes; but very soon all her boldness came back again, mingled however with the evident respect she bore to the rev-

erend minister. "I am ready to confess my faults," said she; "I acknowledge that I am quick-tempered, crreless, and often too inconsiderate of others, but I generally obey mother's commands; I only answer her rudely now and then. I certainly never refuse to do any thing for her when she is right. So, I suppose I do my duty to her?"

"No! no! my child," interrupted the pastor mildly, "you do not do your duty, or even approach it. If you obey your mother it is mechanically, without either affection or pleasure; you are perhaps so gracious to your mother as to reply decently to her when you are not in a bad humor; and you take care of her when she is sick, but you are a nurse full of impatience, vexed at being kept from your sports, and you vent all your ill feeling upon the invalid, who requires gentle treatment and kind encouragement. Such was not your mother's conduct, Louisa, when you were an infant, incapable of expressing, your wants otherwise than by cries and tears. The poor woman was ever on the watch, anxiously wrapping your little limbs in soft flannel, now covering your head with a veil to keep out the sun and the flies, which, without such constant vigilance would

have disturbed your sleep. When obliged to carry to the fields the dinner she had prepared for the reapers, she used to tie your arms around her neck, ad carry you, as well as the heavy load. Nor was this all; she worked at her wheel half the night, in order to earn the money necessary to buy you little luxuries of food and dress; and the other half, she scarcely slept, so intent and watchful was she in listening, while you slumbered at her side. At sunrise she was up, continuing a hard and laborious life for her family, and you among the number. What care and anxiety, what trouble and weary watchfulness, have you cost her! And almost all mother's are the same, be they the inhabitants of a hut or of a palace; they sacrifice their youth, their health, their very lives to the welfare of their children; and you—you mete out your love into small parcels, and think you do your duty to your parents, if you accomplish with sour faces and unwilling hearts, the light and easy requirements of filial love! You seem to fear that you will do too much for those who have lived a life of sacrifice in order to feed and clothe, and educate and bless you! Alas! the prophet is correct when he says, "the father's heart is soft

toward the son, but the son's heart is of stone!"

"But, Mr. Leonard," said Louisa, "our parents are not always reasonable in their demands; suppose my mother requires me to do something beyond my power and strength?"

"Nevertheless, you must try Louisa; do you best, and God will help you."

"But a parent's right to command his children must end sometime or other?"

"Certainly, when the life which they gave you ends!"

"Is there no other limit to their authority, Mr. Leonard? Were my grand mother, now alive, would she still have power over my mother, who is old herself, and has children of her own?"

"God does not bid us, Louisa, to honor our father and mother only so long as we have need of them, but to honor them throughout life. Children who abandon their parents to the infirmities of old age, and desert them when they no longer require their support, are heartless and ungrateful, and the world in general looks upon them with aversion and contempt. God punishes them, often in this

life, and if they prosper for a time, it is seldom a prosperity of long declaration.

"But suppose the children are so poor that they can barely earn enough for their own support?"

"My dear child," replied the pastor with a benevolent smile, "I have already seen the leaves of many summers fall withered to the earth, and have witnessed the freezing snows of constantly succeeding winters, and I have gained a good deal of experience. Well, I assure you that the presence of an aged parent by the fireside, is never a source of trouble; it is rather a blessing. The respectful child who ever honors the white hair of his old father; who consoles and comforts all his infirmities, and provides for all his necessities, is honored among men, and few would refuse to lend him assistance if he required it. God blesses such a man; his crops however small they be, generally prosper; the sweat of his brow gains his daily bread, and the old parent's share seems easily to find its way to the cupboard, over and above the necessities of the rest of the family!"

Mrs. Hobbes was here heard calling out, "Well—are we not going to have our walk today?" And

with a respectful bow to the worthy pastor, the troop of girls scampered off to the fields.

The afternoon was a lovely one; the sun shone brightly upon the mossy trunks and branches of the old oak trees, and the birds seemed never to feel more happy, or to be in better voice. The oxen were toiling slowly along their furrows, and the sheep and lambs were lying upon the grass, or scampering gaily about. The whole scene presented an aspect of content, peace and quiet joy; yet there was one in the group of young girls, who in spite of all nature's attractions, seemed far from being happy. Her face was indeed clouded, and her eyes were constantly full of tears.

Louisa, for it was she, was thinking over her conversation with the pastor, and recalling with bitter regret, not only the gentle reproaches he had made her, but the pert manner in which she had constantly replied to him. She was what we may call a good girl at heart, but she was quick tempered and thoughtless. She often saw her errors, and half her time was spent in regretting them. Still, she was too frequently committing new faults. Before her return home that afternoon, she was really

repentant, and her feelings being directed into the right channel, she was full of love towared the mother whom she had often treated with so little respect and obedience.

Just as Mrs Hobbes and the girls arrived within sight of their simple homes, the smoke of the cottages curling above them, a man mounted upon a stout cart-horse, came up with them. It was Elisabeth's father, the village blacksmith, who was returning from the neighboring county town, with a small paper box in his hand.

"You are a woman of judgment and good sense Mrs. Hobbes," said the man of the forge, stopping to bow to the pastor's sister; "tell me what you think of this?"

Mrs. Hobbes opened the parcel, and drew from it a very neat collar, with neck ribbon and sleeves, quite complete.

"Oh! how pretty!" cried all the girls, as they passed it from one to the other. "It is for Elisabeth, it is not?"

"Yes:" satd the blacksmith, it is for my good, dutiful, daughter Lisa, to whom I was very harsh the other day, when Louisa was present. A father cannot

tell his child that he has done wrong, but that does not prevent him from feeling his faults; and so I have worked an extra hour every day since that unfortunate scene, in order to prove my regret by this little present.

"Oh Mr. Forbes, you are a good man after all, and I am sorry I ever thought otherwise," said Louisa.

"And your daughter is a perfect treasure", said Mrs. Hobbes.

"Yes, yes," said the blacksmith, "we know it, and in moments of reflexion, we often thank God for having given her to us. Every one is telling us of her virtues. Her mother and myself are greatly blessed in having such a child." Thus saying, Mr. Forbes bade them all good by and started his vigorous horse into a trot, while he turned away to hide a tear from the prying eyes of the little audience.

"Well girls," said Mrs. Hobbes, "is it not an enviable thing to be thus loved?"

"So enviable", said Louisa, with a sob, "that I will try to imitate Elizabeth's example, that I may enjoy such affection." As they passed by the blacksmith's house, Louisa left her companions,

and went in search of Elizabeth, whom she found playing with her little brother who was all smiles at being noticed and amused.

"Did you have a nice walk?" enquired Lisa, welcoming her companion with a glad shake of the hand.

"Not so pleasant as if you had been of the party."

"No? — Well next time I will go. The pastor has been telling mother that I lead too confined a life, and she seemed to think it was her fault."

"Lisa," said Louisa, as she watched her friend's countenance, so gentle and so at peace with all the world, "will you teach me to become like you, that like you I may become happy and beloved?"

"Dear Louisa, you think better of me, I fear, than I deserve; my character is naturally a quiet one, and there is no great merit in following one's own inclinations; whereas you are quick to take fire as gun-powder. You are naturally impatient of all restraint, and if you make the effort to conquer and succeed, it will indeed be evidence of great merit and virtue."

"You shall see me make an attempt, dear Lisa," said Louisa, wiping her eyes; "and if I persist,

I hope God will help me to accomplish my good resolutions."

Nor was Louisa's promise a vain one, for she persevered so steadfastly in the new plan of conduct she had marked out for herself, that not many months after, the pastor himself congratulated her upon the great change that had taken place in her character. In later years, he even held her up to the young members of his beloved flock, as an example worthy to be imitated.

FABLE OF A BAT.

Bats are very strange little animals, having hair like mice, and wings like birds. They live in the crevices of rocks, in caves, and other dark places, during the day. At night they go forth in search of food; and no doubt all our readers have seen them bobbing up and down, to catch such insects as happen to be out rather late at night.

The bat is the only creature which can fly, that has no feathers. His wings have no quills, but are only thin pieces of skin, stretched upon a framework of bones. And beside this, me may add that while he is like a quadruped or four-footed

beast, he can rise into the air, and fly from place to place like a bird.

There is a pretty fable about the bat, founded upon this double character of beast and bird, which I will tell you. The story is as follows:

An owl was once prowling about, when he came across a bat. So he caught him in his claws, and was about to devour him. Upon this the bat began to squeal terribly, and he said to the owl, "Pray, what do you take me for, that you use me thus?" "Why, you are a bird, to be sure," said the owl, "and I am very fond of birds. I love to pick their little bones, dearly."

"Well," said the bat, "I thought there was some mistake. I am no bird. Don't you see, Mr. Owl, that I have no feathers, and that I am covered with hair, like a mouse?"

"Sure enough!" said the owl, with great surprise; "I see it now. Really, I took you for a bird, yet it appears you are only a kind of mouse. I ate a mouse last night, and it gave me the nightmare.—I can't bear mice! Bah—it makes me sick to think of it!"

Saying this, the owl pushed the bat away, and he was glad thus to make his escape.

But, the very next night, the fellow encountered another danger. On this occasion, he was snapped up by puss, who took him for a mouse, and immediately prepared to make a feast of him.

"I beg you to stop one moment," said the bat, seeing the necessity of immediate action. "Pray, Miss Puss, what do you suppose I am?" "A mouse, to be sure!" said the cat. "Not at all," said the bat, spreading out his long wings.

"Sure enough!" said the cat, you seem to be a bird, though your feathers are very fine. I eat birds sometimes, but I am tired of them just now, having lately devoured four young robins; so you may go; but, bird or mouse, it will be your best policy to keep out of my way, hereafter."

So puss departed, and the bat again escaped.

The meaning of the fable is this—that a person playing a double part may sometimes escape danger; but such an individual is always like the bat, a creature that is disgusting to every body, and shunned by all.

THE WOOD RAMBLERS.

"It is a beautiful day," said Lilly; "do let us go and take a long walk, Suzan!"

"It is very pleasant now," said Suzan, "but father thinks it is going to snow."

"Well, what if it does?" was the answer. "I like the snow, don't you?"

"Yes, I like it well enough."

"Then let us go!" and after a little more talk about it, the two sisters set out for a ramble. Their house was situated in the country, some twenty miles from New York, and though at a considerable distance from any town or village, it was a very charming residence, especially for the summer.

Here the two children, with their parents, usually spent this happy portion of the year, and on the present occasion, though it was even the latter part of November, they still lingered there, almost unwilling to return to their home in the city.

The two girls, especially, full of the life and energy of childhood, had become familiar with all the hills, valleys, rivers and woods, as wel las with the living things associated with them.—birds, grasshoppers and butterflies; so that now, when the time approached for leaving them, they felt as if they were parting with dear friends. Their feelings, therefore, during this walk, were in a state of unusual excitement. Every object of nature, every favorite spot, every remembrance of the season, seemed to be viewed with particular interest.

When they came to the little rivulet which wound through the woods, Lilly begged Suzan to repeat those lines beginning:

"Oh! Tell me, pretty river"—

"Why not repeat them yourself?" said Suzan.

"Because you can say them much better than I can."

"You can say them very well."

"I will try;" and Lilly proceeded as follows:

THE RIVER.

Oh! tell me, pretty river,
Whence do thy waters flow—
And whither art thou roaming
So pensive and so slow?

"My birthplace was the mountain,
My nurse the April showers;
My cradle was the fountain
O'er-curtained by wild flowers.

"One morn I ran away,
A madcap hoyden rill—
And many a prank that day,
I played adown the hill.

"And there mid meadowy banks
I firted with the flowers,
That stooped with glowing lips,
To woo me to their bowers.

"But these bright scenes are o'er,
And darkly flows my wave—
I hear the ocean's roar,
And there must be my grave!"

"Very well indeed," said Suzan, when Lilly had done.

"Now you ought to repeat something, or tell me a story," said the little girl.

"Well, what story shall I tell you?"

"That of the fairy broomstick which you once read to me, out of a book. Do you know, I always think that this was the river where the broomstick came to get the water!"

"Why, my dear child, that was the Rhine, a stream in Germany three or four thousand miles off and as a big as fifty of this."

"Well, what difference does it make? Pray tell me the story".

"I vill repeat it to you as correctly as I can.

THE TALE OF THE FAIRY BROOMSTICK.

Once upon a time, a fairy lived in a cottage near the banks of the Rhine in Germany, for fables say that fairies sometimes live in houses as well as in flowers. This fairy had a magic broomtick; and when she wanted any thing done, she would go to it, and mutter some magical words, and up it would jump, and do whatever she commanded. She was a benevolent fairy, and used to do many kind things to the people who lived near her.

One day she went out in a wood, and she saw a poor girl sitting on the ground, crying bitterly. The good fairy went up to her, and asked what was the matter. 'O kind lady,' said the girl,' my father and mother are dead, and I have nobody to take care of me, and no place to live in.' 'You shall come and live with me,' said the fairy, ' if you are a good girl; and you shall take care of my cottage.' Wheu the girl heard these words, she dried her tears and followed her mistress, who took her home and treated her kindly; and for a long time she lived very happily.

One day, the fairy told her she was going out for a short time, and she wanted her to wash the house nicely before she came back; for the fairies are very neat. Now, this girl had heard the fairy say her magical words so often to her broomstick, that she had learned them by heart; and she thought she might say them now, and make the broomstick get the water from the river, without taking the trouble to go for it, herself. So she repeated the strange words, and, to her great delight, she saw the stick jump up and go down to the river.

It brought her one pail of water, which it threw on

the floor, and then another and another, till she became frightened, and wanted it to stop; but though she knew the words she must say to make it go, she had forgotten what she must do to make it stop. She was in a great perplexity. The broomstick kept bringing more and more water, till the house was almost overflowed. At last she was in such a fright, that, hardly knowing what she did, she took a hatchet and cut the broomstick in two; when, terrible to relate, this made two water-bringers, and, instead of one pail, she saw two coming at once!

Perceiving that she had made matters so much worse, she ran up stairs, to get out of the way of the flood which the broomstick kept pouring into the house; and she began to weep, bitterly repenting what she had done; but it was now too late. She could not remedy the mischief she had caused. Presently the fairy came back, and, when she saw the water pouring in a stream from the door, she suspected what her silly maid had been doing. She soon put a stop to the work of destruction; and going up stairs to the girl, she said, "Silly child, let this be a warning to you never to meddle with

things you do not understand, in the hope of saving yourself trouble. Your ignorance will always betray you into some mistake which you cannot rectify. For the future, be sure that you know how to stop a stream, before you command it to flow; or you may be drowned from your own folly!"

"Well, that is a funny story," said Lilly. "Pray tell me, Suzan, did the little girl mind the fairy, or did she make the broomstick do her work, and get into trouble again?"

"Why, Lill y, the story is not true; it is only a fancy tale!"

"Yes, I know it; but after all, when a story is told me, I think it is true, every word of it; but look here, the flowers are all dead or dying upon their stems."

"It is autumn, you know and the frost has killed them. You remember the little song we sing."

Where are the pretty flowers—
  Where, Oh where?
Where are the leafy bowers,
  Where, Oh where!

Dead are the pretty flowers—
  There, Oh there,

Sleep all the leafy bowers,
  There, Oh there!

Where are the pretty birds—
  Where, Oh where?
Singing soft, silver words,
  Where, Oh where?

Gone are the pretty birds—
  Far, far away!
Gone with their singing words,
  All, all away!

"Ah! that is a pretty song and it is all true," said Lilly. "And there is another pretty song about the bird that was obliged to fly away, because the winter was coming."

"Can't you repeat it?"

"No: do you say it."

"Why, we are all the while talking poetry and fairy tales!"

"Never mind; sing me that farewell song."

"Certainly—if it will please you:

Farewell to the meadow,
For summer is past;
Farewell, for its leaves
Now whirl on the blast.

Farewell to the bough
Where my cradle was swung,
And the song of my mother
Was joyously sung.

How sweet was that song
Of the light-hearted bird!
No other I'll sing—
'T was the first that I heard.
And though to far lands
I must hasten away,
Wherever I roam,
I will carry that lay.

How sweet are these scenes,
For my birth-place is here;
And I know that in absence,
They will be but more dear.
I 'll sing of them there,
In the land where I roam,
And, winter departed.
I 'll return to my home.

"And that is all true too," said Lilly; "for the bird in the song had very much such feelings as children have."

"It is true, no doubt," said Suzan, "so far as it describes the seasons; but it is hardly probable

that the birds have such fine sentiments as we give them in our songs. But do you see—it is beginning to snow?"

"I see it," said Lilly, looking up to the sky. "I see it; but how fine it is, and how softly it falls."

"Yes, but it will soon change; a snow storm generally begins in this stealthy kind of way; yet before long, the wind rises and roars like the sea in a tempest; do you not think we had better go home?"

"Oh! no; we have not half done our walk; I like the snow."

The two girls therefore proceeded along their pathway in the woods, their interest quickened by the novelty of the scene, and perhaps also by a kind of awe, which began to creep over them. They heard the wind swelling in gusts, among the tops of the taller trees. The cold also increased rapidly; and ere long they thought it was best to set their faces homeward.

The storm rapidly grew more violent, and as the two girls began to emerge from the woods, the ground was covered with snow. They now trotted along merrily, and when the flakes, driven by the fierce

THE SNOW STORM.

wind, came too swiftly in Lilly's face, Suzan protected her with the skirt of her gown When they reached home, both were tired and the younger child was indeed almost beat out. Both felt a kind of relief when they sat down by a warm fire, and felt that they were secure in their comfortable room.

The next day, Lilly got her book and read the following lines to Suzan, saying that they seemed expressly written for the scene they had witnessed in thier walk.

WINTER.

Tell me — what does winter mean?
'T is a dreary change of scene —
When the meadow yields its blom,
And the blosoms seek their tomb!
Winter is the time of storms,
When the cloud in angry frowns,
O'er the land in terror sweeps,
And the stricken forest weeps.

'T is the funeral time of flowers,
Withered in their lovely bowers,
While the zephyr sings in grief,
O'er each shrivelled stem and leaf.

'T is the dreary time of snow,
Falling chill on all below,
As a winding-sheet it weaves
O'er the graves of myriad leaves.

Winter is a time of tears,
For the poor, in youth or years,—
Where the storm drives keenly in,
And the blanket's brief and thin.
Winter is the time of wreck,
When the billow cleaves the deck,
And the mariners go down
Where the battling surges frown!

CHARLES AND HIS MOTHER.

A DIALOGUE.

Charles. Mother, may I play with the baby a little while before I go to school?

Mother. She is asleep now, my son; but you may go softly and look at her.

C. She is just going to wake up mother! She is smiling and moving her little hands.

M. No, she is only dreaming; don't hold the curtain back so far, the sun shines in her face.

C. I wonder what she is dreaming about; she looks very sober now; what a pity she can't tell us when she wakes! Mother, I shall be glad when

Susan grows a little bigger, and can run about, and talk and play with me; I don't think such a little baby is good for much.

M. And what if she should never grow up, Charles?

C. What! be always a little baby?

M. No, my son; what if she should die?

C. Die! O, that can't be; she has only just begun to live.

M. Who made her live?

C. God, you told me.

M. And cannot God make her die when he pleases?

C. I suppose he can; but he never does, does he? Does he ever kill such little babies as Susan?

M. They very often die, Charles.

C. I never heard of that before; I hope Susan will not die. How old is she, mother?

M. Eight months.

C. O, mother, mother, that is too young to die; I am sure she won't. Here am I, seven years old, and I am not dead, yet.

M. And I am twenty-seven, my dear boy; but for

all that, you and Susan may both die before I do, if it should please God.

C. What makes the tears come in your eyes, mother? We shan't die, I know. See how Susan keeps stirring about! See how red her cheeks are!

M. She is not well; she is feverish, Charles. Do you know there are two little white teeth trying to get through her gums, and they give her a great deal of pain? I shall send for the doctor to-day. The clock is striking nine, Charles, and you must go to school.

C. O dear! and where is my little satchel? and where is my spelling-book, I wonder?

M. You had better look in the breakfast room; and, Charles, be sure you shut the window; it is very damp this morning,

C. Yes, mother. I wonder what I did with my cap!

M. Don't bang the door, Charles — and don't forget to shut the window! I must take the baby down this morning.

TUESDAY MORNING.

Charles meets the doctor coming out of his mother's chamber.

C. Are you the doctor, sir?

D. Yes, my little man.

C. Is the baby almost well again?

D. Oh no! no!

C. Why, they told me you were coming to cure her, and you came three times yesterday; for I saw your old horse out of the shool-room window.

D. But she is very sick, little boy; somebody left a window open yesterday when it was almost raining, and the nursery maid carried her into a damp room while they were sweeping the nursery.

C. Oh, doctor, what shall I no? what I do?

D. Don't cry my little fellow; what it is the matter now?

C. It was I, It was I, that left the window open! Mother told me to shut it, and I was hunting for my cap and forgot all about it!

D. Well, that was wrong; but hush, I beg of you;

if your mother hears you sobbing so bitterly she will feel much worse. It was a pity you forgot the window.

C. O, my poor little sister! Will you cure her? you can cure her , can't you sir?

D. I will try, but God must help us.

C. And won't he help you? Do you think he will make Susan die!

D. I cannot tell, indeed; but you must ask him to make her well.

C. How can I ask him?

D, In your prayers; do you not say your prayers every night?

C. Yes, the Lord's prayer, and two other prayers; but there is nothing in them about Susan's being sick.

D. And can't you make a little prayer on purpose?

C, I don't know, I never tried.

D. Then go up into your chamber, my dear child, and kneel down where you say your prayers every night, and pray to God just as if you could see Him in the room with you. You may depend upon it He is there.

C. Shall I ask him to help you cure Susan ?

D. Ask Him to cure her if it is best she should get well.

C. Why, it *is* best, certainly. And will it be wrong to tell Him how sorry I am that I forgot the window, and ask him to forgive me?

D. No, it will be quite right.

C. Then I will go this minute. You must come again before dinner—won't you?

D. Yes, I must indeed!

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

Charles comes softhy into his mother's chamber, half dressed.

C. Mother, are you there? It is so dark, I cannot see you.

M. I am here, sitting by the bed, my son.

C. The fire is out, and the candle is just going out; may I open the shutter a little way, so that I can see the baby, mother? I won't wake her.

M. She is not asleep, my dear boy. But what made you wake at day-break?

C. I kept thinking of Susan when I was asleep, mother. What makes her so still? Is the pain better?

M. It is all gone, Charles; she will never fell it again; open the shutters wide and come here.

C. O, mother, mother! (*burying his face in her lap,*) I do not wish to look at her!

M. What is the matter, Charles? — tell me.

C. She is dead—she is dead! The tears keep rolling down your cheeks—and she is lying just like my little canary bird—and I do believe she is dead!

M. Yes!— my baby is dead , Charles! and.—

C. Don't cry, don't cry, dear mother! You did not cry when I came in—I will leave off crying if you will, mother.

M. Look at her little pale face, Charles! Why are you unwilling to look at her?

C. I do not know. Will you take her off the bed? Are you afraid to hold her in your arms?

M. O, no; I have held her a great while to-night, Charles, and she died in my lap.

C. And were you all alone?

M. No, there were two or three people with me

then, and they were very kind; but I sent them all away, at last.

C. Why, mother?

M. Because, sometimes I wanted to cry, and sometimes to pray, and I liked better to be alone. I was praying when you came in, Charles.

C. Mother, I prayed yesterday about Susan, but God did not mind it. What makes you pray now that she is dead?

M. I was praying that I might remember how happy little Susan's soul is, and that I might not be so wicked as to complain because God had taken her away; and that I might be a better woman now, and think more of heaven.

C. You need not pray for that, mother; you are a very good woman, the best woman— in the world.

M. Nobody can be good without praying, my son; and I had a great many things to beg of God. I was asking him to make the little boy who is spared to me, a good child.

C. Ah, mother, that is because I forgot the window!

M. No, my child, I was not thinking of it, then; but if you pray to God to help you to cureyour

faults, you will find it becomes much easier for you.

C. Then why did he not cure Susan's sickness, when I begged him so hard?

M. Are you sure it would have been better for Susan to live?

C. I don't know; she would have cried sometimes, I suppose.

M. But she never will cry now, Charles; her soul is with God in heaven, and her body cannot fel pain now.

C. But it would have been better for us if she had lived to grow up, mother. What makes you cry again?

ENTER AUNT CATHERINE.

C. I am glad you have come, Aunt; I have made mother cry again, and I cannot help crying too. I do think it would have been better for us if Susan had not died.

Aunt C. Your mother thought so at first, Charles, but now she knows it would have been wrong to have

wished Susan here, just for her own pleasure, when the little creature is happier in heaven. Besides, God would not have taken her if it had been for your mother's real good to let her stay.

C I cannot understand that, can you mother?

M. I do! I do! but I cannot talk about it now.

C. So sudden! three days ago she was well!

A. Come, my dear child! Come and let me finish dressing you, and your mother will talk to you about Susan very often; kiss the dear baby's cheek, Charles, —your mother is holding her up to you.

C. O, if she could only be made alive again!

A. Hush—do not sob so loud! Come with me, Charles, and I will tell you how we think God has already made her alive and happy in heaven.

A WARNING.

There was once a little girl named Lizzy, who had a habit of disobeying her mother, and, as she was very careless, she did many mischievous things.

In consequence of all this, the mother had given her many serious lessons, and had warned her of the dangers of her misconduct. But Lizzy was very self-willed, and was resolved to have her own way. Alas! how severely was she punished for her folly and disobedience!

One day Lizzy was playing with some of her little friends, and in order to carry on the play, she lighted a candle. This had been positively forbid-

den by her mother, for several accidents had happened in consequence of Lizzy's playing with fire. However, the undutiful child would follow her own wishes. Soon after she had lighted the candle, she thought she heard her mother's step. She there fore set the candle behind the bed, to keep it out of sight.

After a while she forgot the light, and went into the garden with her young companions. What was her horror, soon after, to hear the cry of "fire"! and to feel sure that the candle was the cause of it! She rushed to the house, bnt all was a scene of terror and confusion. Her mother and little sister had scarce time to escape from the flames.

The house was indeed reduced to ashes, and Lizzy's father and mother, for some years, had many cares and sufferings in consequence of the loss of their home. This was a terrible lesson to Lizzy, and indeed it ought to be a warning to all thoughtless and undutiful children. Fathers and mothers are made the guardians of their offspring by God himself, and these are told, by the solemn commandment to honor and obey their parents.

Indeed, obedience to parents ought not to be felt as a duty only : no child's heart is right till it loves obedience, and finds a true pleasure and enjoyment in fulfilling the injunctions and wishes of those who have brought it into life !

A PHILOSOPHICAL TEA-POT.

A DIALOGUE.

Anne. Mother, why do you not use that pretty tea pot that grandmother gave you?

Mother. Why, my dear, do you not remember that the nose is half burnt off?

A. Well, mamma, suppose it is—it does not look very badly, and you have always told me that as long as things are useful, we must not put them aside.

M. But it is not useful, Anne; that is the only reason why I have set it away upon the shelf.

A. I do not not see why it is not usefnl, I am sure. I think, mamma, you might as well put away my little spade because the handle is broken off at the top,

or John's kite, because the wind has taken off a piece of the tail!

M. Well, my dear, this sounds very well; but let us consider the matter a little. Of what use is a tea-pot?

A. Why, to hold tea, I suppose!

M. Well, what is tea—a solid body?

A. Oh no; it is what my book of natural philosophy would call a liquid. Oh, that book is very interesting; wait a minute while I get it mamma—here it is!

M. What is one of the properties of liquids?

A. Let me see—oh, here I have it. 'Liquids always tend to an equilibrium.'

M. Do you understand what that means, my dear?

A. Yes; my mistress explained it to me the other morning. Water, or any other liquid, always seeks a level; that is, it water is put into a bowl, it will be equally as high on one side as on the other. If the bowl stands uneven, the liquid will still be perfecty level.

M. A very good explanation, Anne: but now to

the proof. Can you tell me why, on this principle, my tea-pot is of no use, now the spout is broken?

A. Let me see—no, I cannot understand why it is so. The tea-pot iself is good, and you can fill it just the same as ever!

M. Ah! but can you fill it? That is the question.

A. Why, mumma, how absurd it would be to suppose I could not fill it! But let me try; there is nothing like trying, after all. (*She brings the tea-pot.*) Here it is, poor neglected thing. Indeed, I do not see why I cannot fill it, unless there are holes in the bottom or sides.

M, No, I believe it is sound in these respects. But come, here is some water; try it. But first get the waiter—I do not want my table wet.

A. Oh! never fear, mamma; I will not spill it. (*Pourss the water into the pot.*) There, there, mamma, you see I have got it half full already! But dear me, how's this? I declare, the water is running out of the nose as fast as I pour it in! Why, what does it mean?

M. Just think, my dear, of what your philosophy

says about liquids, and you will immediately see why the water runs out of the nose. How high does the water remain in the tea tea-pot?

A. Just as high as the top of the nose. Ah! I see now; that is the level of the water, and it can go no higher in the body of the tea-pot than it does in the nose. Wonderful! Then, mamma, it must be that it is necessary to have the nose as high as the top of the tea-pot. Oh! now I understand perfectly why this is of no use. Thank you, mamma! I like these practical lessons in philosophy. But I am ashamed that I did not understand it at once.

M. This shows you, my dear Anne, that it is not merely sufficient to have knowledge, be cause it is nearly useless when it is not applied, properly. Hereafter, I hope you will reflect a little when you study.

A. Ah, mamma, I think I shall come to you when I am puzzled; you explain things so charmaingly —better than all the philosophy books in the world!

M. Well, my dear, come to me after you have tried hard yourself to understand the subject you are studying, and I shall think my time well spent in

simplifing the matter to you. I used to be very fond of philosophy when I was of your age, because my good aunt illustrated some of the most difficult principles, in such a manner as to make me perfectly understand them. The lesson I have just given you, is one she taught me twenty years ago!

GOOD BYE TO THE OLD YEAR.

Good by, Old, Year, thy flowers are fled,
Thy green leaves all are sere and dead;
A winding sheet of snow doth lie,
Upon thy bosom — so, good bye!

Good-by to all thy leafy bowers,
Thy sunny days, and moonlit hours,
Thy balmy morn, thy sunset sky,
Thy shine and shade,—to all, good-by!

Good-by to all thy melodies,
The ministrelsy of birds and bees,
Thy joyous echoes, and the sigh
Of rippling waters, all, good-by!

Good-by to each fond hope and scheme
That danced with thee along life's stream —
Bubbles that lightly come and fly —
To all these fairy thoughts,—good-by!

Good-by, old Eighteen Fifty-Four —
Thy tale is told thy race is o'er;
On time's swift wing we forward fly;
And so, Old Year, good-by, good-by!

THE END.

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